THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 724 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1 1890. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE. FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 30

BY-AND-BYE.

BY FAYE MADOC.

By-and-bye the pears will mellow
And the apples' cheeks grow red,
And the chestnut leaves turn yellow,
Dropping on the path we tread.
Shall we walk then—you and I—
In the sunshine by-and-bye?

By-and-bye our youth will vanish
And our buoyancy be spent,
And anxieties will banish
All our careless merriment.
Shall we love then—you and I—
In our old age by-and-bye?

By-and-bye the sun will travel
To his fair bed in the west,
And our life-long tale unravel
All its plot, both worst and best.
Shall we die then—you and I—
Some sweet sundown by-and-bye?

HEART AND RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NULL AND VOID," "MADAM'S WARD," "THE HOUSE IN THE CLOSE," "WHITE BERRIES AND RED," "ONLY ONE LOVE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

DORIS never heard his voice, even in the crowded saloon, without feeling a thrill run through her, but to-night, although he sang in so low a tone that it seemed scarcely more than a whisper, the melody stirred her to her depths, and brought the tears to her eyes.

"That is beautiful," said Lady Despard, with a little sigh. "We won't spoil it by asking for another. Come, Doris, dear. Will you come in, Mr. Levant?"

"No, thanks," he said, slowly. "I'll say good-night now."

He did not offer to shake hands, and the two ladies left him and went towards the house. As they were ascending the steps, Lady Despard stopped, and uttered an exclamation:

"Oh! my bracelet!"

"What is it? Have you lost it?" inquired Doris.

"Yes; I must have dropped it while I was in the hammock! I'll go back——"

"No; I'll go!" said Doris, and she ran back.

She had almost reached the spot where they had been sitting, when, with a start, she saw in the starlight, a man lying full length on the grass, with his face hidden on his arm.

It was Percy Levant. He sprang up at the sound of her footsteps, and confronted her, and Doris saw that his face was pale and haggard, so different, indeed, to its usual bright and careless expression.

"Mr. Levant!" she said falteringly; then she recovered herself. "I have come back for Lady Despard's bracelet," stooping down and looking about her, to give him time.

"It is here," he said, picking it up.

"Thanks!" she said. "Good-night!"

"Wait! Will you wait a moment?" he asked, and his voice, usually so soft and musical, sounded hoarse and strained.

Doris stood silent and downcast, and waited for him to go on.

Her own face grew a little paler as she looked at him, so haggard was his; and yet his pallor lent an added charm to his delicately cut features and expressive, deeply colored eyes bent upon her with a strange, intent look, as she sat on the edge of the hammock, and half trembling, for she knew not what reason, waited for him to speak.

She was startled by the changed appearance of the man, who was usually self possession itself. He stood for a moment in silence, leaning against one of the trees to which the hammock was slung, his arms folded, his head sunk on his breast, and a nightingale in a neighboring tree commenced to sing: all her life afterwards Doris never heard a nightingale without recalling this night.

"Miss Marlowe," he said at last, and he spoke in a voice so low that it seemed to harmonise with the voice of the bird. "If I were wise I should let you go, even now! But—I cannot, I cannot! Chance is too strong for me. It sent you back to find me—as you found me, and I must speak to you, and perhaps for the last time. I am leaving the villa,—Italy. I go to England to-morrow."

Doris glanced up at him: a streak of light from one of the brilliant windows fell across his handsome face, and she saw that, with all his self command, his lips trembled.

"I am sorry," she murmured, and a faint thrill of regret stirred her. She knew that he had been her friend, that with all his apparent coldness and reserve he had never lost his opportunity of quietly serving her. "I am afraid you have heard bad news."

"No," he said. "I have heard no bad news, for the best of reasons; there is no one to send me news of any kind, bad or good. I am a man without a friend in the world."

"Ah, no!" she said, almost inaudibly.

"I am not forgetting you, nor Lady Despard," he said. "But you—but Lady Despard, for whose kindness I am, and shall ever be, grateful—will she remember me after one week's absence, excepting as that of the man whose voice helped to while away an idle half hour, and amuse her friends? And why should she?" he added, not bitterly, but with a grave sadness that touched Doris deeply.

"I am, as I have always been, alone in the world, a man of no account, a speck of dust dancing in the sunbeam one moment—the next floating in the gutter. Don't think I say this to excite your pity. No! It is because I want you to remember what I am, how worthless and insignificant: just Percy Levant, 'the man who sings for Lady Despard!'"

He smiled with a bitter self-scorn which lent to his face an air of tragedy that fascinated Doris.

"And now you wonder, seeing that I am basking in the sunshine just at present, that I should wish to leave it, and sink into the mire again. I don't wish it. If I could, I would remain at the Villa Rimini, to play the part of Lady Despard's singing man, till she grew weary, or the voice which renders me acceptable lost its novelty and became valueless. But I cannot stay. A power stronger than my will is driving me, and if you had not come back to seek for her ladyship's bracelet, I should have gone without a word of farewell to you, who are the cause of my flight."

Doris started and looked up at him.

"I?" she said, her brows drawn together with startled trouble.

"Yes, you Miss Marlowe," he said quietly, but with something in the music of his voice that thrilled Doris. "You will listen while I try and tell you? Heaven knows, I find it hard enough. Be patient with me—oh, be patient with me!" He held out his hand with a sudden gesture of entreaty, then let it fall to his side.

"How poor, how friendless, how completely alone I am, you know; but I am base enough to be proud as well, and all my life I have been prouder of nothing more than my power to repay the world's scorn of my poverty and abjectness with my scorn for the world. I prided myself on the fact that I had no heart. For other men might be happiness, a life shared with someone whom they loved, and who loved them in return; for me, the social outcast, the pariah, there could be no such thing as love, no hope that any woman could be found to share my poverty and my hopelessness. So I went through the world, hardening my heart, and telling myself that at least I should be spared the madness which men call love."

He paused a moment, and looked at her downcast face, then went on:

"This was before I went to Chester Gardens. You don't remember that night, I daresay; I shall never forget it, for it was the night upon which I first saw you—first learned that all my pride was to melt at the sight of a woman's voice. Miss Marlowe, if I had been a wise man, I should have taken my hat and gone out of your presence never to return; but the spell was wrought, and I consented to come here in the train of Lady Despard, as her jester—her song man, I would have come in the capacity of her footman or boot-boy, if there had been no other place for me, no other way of being near you——"

Doris looked up with a pale, startled face, and made a movement to depart, but he stretched out his hand again pleadingly.

"Ah! wait! Let me finish. I fought hard against the influence which had fallen on me—fought day by day, with all my strength; but against the spell you had, all unconsciously, woven around me, fighting was of as little avail as it would be to try and stem the incoming tide. The iron had entered my soul, and I knew all at once that my heart and life were bound up in one sentiment, my intense love for you!"

Doris rose trembling.

"I have said it now," he continued. "My secret is out. I love you, Miss Marlowe—I, Lady Despard's camp-follower, the jester of the Villa Rimini, have dared to love its brightest ornament!"

And he laughed with mingled sadness and bitterness.

"I was mad—was I not? I ought to have selected her lady's maid—any one of the maids about the place. But Miss Marlowe! The beautiful creature for whose smile lords and princes, men of fame and note, were willing to contend! Mad! Yes! But all love is madness, so they say, and—well, that is my only excuse. And now, before you send me away with one of those gentle smiles of yours, let me tell you what I have to offer you. Myself—and nothing! I have nothing but my voice to depend upon. I lay it at your feet, knowing well that at a word from you other men would lay their coronets and their gold there."

He laughed again.

"Not much to offer, Miss Marlowe; but it is my all, and my life goes with it! And yet, if you stooped to take it!—well—" he drew a long breath and his magnificent eyes seemed to glow—"well, I think I could make a good fight of it! The world should hear of Percy Levant, and you should not be ashamed of the man whose hand you had stooped to take. Yes!" he bent forward with outstretched hands, "with your love to encourage me, with you by my side to make the struggle worth while, I would win a name which at least might be worthy of you! Ah, think a moment!" he pleaded, his voice suddenly quivering in its intensity. "Think what your answer means to me! To any of those others it might matter a good deal, I grant, whether you said to them 'yes' or 'no'; but they have so many other things to live for, rank, wealth, place in the world! But I! I have nothing but this wild mad love of mine, this deep love for you which seems part and parcel of my very being! Miss Marlowe—Doris—it is a beggar who pleads to you, for the one chance which will lift him from a life which has never yet known happiness to one of hope and perfect joy! Think and—ah, I love you! I love you! don't send me away!" and he was on his knees beside her, his face upturned to hers with an expression which a man might wear who is indeed pleading for his life.

Doris looked down at him speechlessly. His passionate avowal, the wonderful music of every word, the handsome face and thrilling eyes affected her strangely; but she was more moved by the confession of his lowliness and loneliness than by aught else.

She, too, was she not lowly enough and lonely enough, too? This, at least, made a bond between them.

She did not love him, but—she pitied him; and pity, with such a girl as Doris, is, indeed, near akin to love.

What should she say to him? The thought of having to tell him that there was no hope for him smote her with a keen sense of pain! She dreaded seeing his face as she dealt the blow.

She herself had loved, you see, and could sympathise with him. Heaven, how hard it was that should have to rob the friendless, solitary man of his one chance of happiness! She faltered and hesitated; and a light of hope—wild, almost maddening hope—burnt in his eyes.

"Doris!" he breathed; "Doris!"

"Hush, hush!" she said. "Ah! why have you told me this? Why didn't you go without telling me?"

"Forgive me!" he answered. "I was going. If you had not come back in the moment of my struggle, you would not have seen me again! And now I have told you! You hesitate!"

"I hesitate because——" she paused, and looked down at him with sweet, troubled gravity and tenderness, the tenderness of a woman who is about to deal a man who loves her the deadliest blow he can receive at her hands.

"Because I cannot love you. I"—her voice broke, but she struggled with it and went on—"I care nothing for rank or wealth; they are nothing to me. I should say what I have said if you were a prince. I shall never marry anyone, Mr. Levant!" She turned her head aside, but he saw the tears fill her eyes. "I am sorry, sorry, sorry!" she murmured. "There is no one I like better. I did not know, I never guessed that you wished—that you wished me to be your wife; but I knew that you were my friend, and I was proud that it should be so."

"Your friend!" he breathed. "Only friend! Ah, Doris! many and many a night I have wondered here, watching the light in your window, and wondering whether by some miracle I should win you! Your friend! Well, I played my part well. I hid my heart's secret while it was possible."

"Yes," she said gently. "I never guessed it! And now we must part: I must lose my friend! But I am grateful; ah, so grateful. You speak as if I were so far above you! You forget that I also am alone, and lowlier than yourself, for I am a woman, while you are a man, with all the world before you."

"No," he said; "all the world lies behind me. Losing you I say good-bye to any hope of happiness; good-bye to ambition! Percy Levant and the world have done with each other from to-night!"

"Oh, no, no!" she murmured pleadingly, "You do not know! If I told you that I am not worthy of your love; that I am not only poor and friendless, but"—her face went paler, and her lips quivered—"but nameless! That my life has been wrecked——"

"Wait! wait!" he said, with a strange ex-

pression on his face, his voice suddenly hoarse. "Tell me nothing! I know—I know as surely as that these stars are above us, that not an ignoble thought, not one unworthy deed, has ever stained your life. What sorrows have come to you have been undeserved. Nothing could shake my faith in you, my queen, for you are my heart's queen. Ah, Doris, give yourself to me from to-night! Let me make a fresh life for you; let me teach you to forget the past; let me make the future for you! Say yes, for my sake—for your own! Yes, for your own! See how confident I am that I can make you forget—make you happy! It is my love gives me confidence. I ask for so little: I don't ask you to love me! I ask you to confide yourself and your future to me. I know that I shall win your love—I am not afraid." His face lit up as if transfigured by the hope that had sprung up within his breast. "With you by my side I can face the world, and vanquish it! Doris! Doris!"

She put her hand to her eyes, and her lips quivered.

"And you will be content?" she murmured, almost inaudibly. "Content to accept so little for all you offer me—for so much love?"

"Content! Yes!" he responded fervently, with a world of meaning in his voice. "Yes, I shall be content! I can guess, though you shall tell me nothing now, dearest, that there has been someone else, some other man, who proved unworthy the great treasure of your love, that you have not forgotten him, and the sorrow he caused you! I ask nothing! I am content to wait, and win back your heart for myself, and I shall win it! Now, my queen, give me my sentence," and he held his hand out to her.

Half dazed by his passionate pleading, touched by the generosity of his faith and belief in her, thinking of him and not of herself, Doris slowly let her hand fall into his.

He did not take her in his arms, but his hand closed on hers and held it in a close grasp, then, as he pressed his lips to it, he murmured, "My queen, my queen!" with a passionate reverence that would have moved a harder heart than Doris's.

She drew her hand from his clasp gently, and he did not offer to retain it, as if he meant to show her that his promise to be content to wait until he had won her love was something more than an empty phrase.

"Good-night," he murmured. "Good-night, Doris! Some day you will know how happy you have made me! Some day when I have taught you to know what happiness means! Good-night, my love, my queen!"

She looked at him for a moment through a mist of tears, tears that fell upon the grave of her old love, and then glided from his side.

He stood where she had left him, watching her till the glimmer of her white dress faded from his sight, then he threw himself on the ground and covered his eyes with his hands.

"Great Heavens!" he murmured, "am I mad or dreaming? Is she mine, mine? mine! Oh, my darling, my beautiful; I will keep my word! You shall be happy! I swear it! I swear—" he raised his hand to the silent, star-gemmed sky, then stopped and stared with a sudden horror, for there, in front of him, stood Mr. Spenser Churchill. He stood with his pale, smooth face smiling unctuously down upon him, a half mocking smile curving the sleek lips.

"Ah, my dear Percy!" he murmured smoothly. "How do you do? How do you do? Surprised to see me. Yes. You look rather startled; Almost as if you had forgotten me!"

Percy Levant rose to his feet, his eyes still fixed on his smiling face.

"By Heaven!" he breathed, almost with a groan. "I had forgotten you!"

"Really? Now wasn't that a little ungrateful, eh? To forget your best friend,—one who has always had your best and truest interests at heart! Tut, tut, my dear Percy."

"When—when did you come?" demanded the other, in a low voice.

"Almost this moment. I have just looked in at the villa, and greeted our fair hostess. Hearing that my dear young friend, Miss Marlowe, was in the garden, I asked permission to come in search of her, and—er—found her so deeply engaged that I did not venture to intrude myself."

Percy Levant looked from one side to the other.

"You—you have been listening?" he said.

Mr. Spenser Churchill looked very much shocked.

"My dear Percy, what a dreadful charge! Listening? Certainly not! Seeing you—er—immersed in each other's conversation, I took a little stroll, and waited until the interview had come to a close."

Percy Levant leant against the tree with his arms folded, his head bent upon his breast, but his eyes still fixed upon the other man's. His face was pale, and there were great drops of sweat upon his brow.

"And how goes our little arrangement, my dear Percy? Am I to congratulate you? Though I didn't listen, as you so cruelly suggested, I gathered that your suit was meeting with a favorable reception. Did my judgment play me false, or has Miss Marlowe accepted you?"

The younger man remained silent for a moment, then he said, almost inaudibly:

"She—accepted me."

Spenser Churchill nodded with a smile of satisfaction.

"Capital! I congratulate you, my dear Percy. I congrat——"

The smooth, oily voice broke off suddenly, for Percy Levant had seized the speaker by the shoulder, and held him in a grasp of steel.

"Silence!" he ground out between his teeth. "What devil prompted you to come here to-night?—Heaven!—to night!"

"My dear Percy, I came to see how you were progressing; not that I was anxious! Oh, dear no! I knew that that handsome face and lovely voice of yours would prove irresistible; but I wanted to see for myself how our little scheme was going on——"

"And I had forgotten you!" dropped from Percy Levant's lips. "Yes, I swear it! I remembered nothing but that I loved her——"

Mr. Spencer Churchill's lips wreathed in a rather painful smile, for the grasp of the strong hand made him shudder.

"You—you fiend, you cannot believe it, cannot understand! How should such as you believe that I had forgotten our devilish contract, that I should love her for herself alone—" he broke off and his head drooped.

"Come, come, my dear Percy, the delicate sentiment you have expressed does you credit. Of course you love Miss Marlowe for herself, and the fact that you happen to know that she is not so poor as she thinks herself, in fact that in marrying her you make a rich man of yourself, goes for nothing. Of course, of course! Very nice and—er—proper. But—would you mind taking your hand from my shoulder; you have remarkably strong fingers, my dear Percy!—but I trust you will not forget that I have a curious document in my possession——"

Percy Levant withdrew his hand with a sudden and violent thrust that caused the philanthropist to spin round like a teetotum.

"Remember? Yes, I remember!" he said hoarsely. "It would be as well for you if I had continued to forget! Keep out of my sight while you are here, or I will not answer for myself!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

DORIS went back to the house scarcely knowing whether she was awake or dreaming. Could it be possible that she had promised to be Percy Levant's wife? She stood for a moment outside the door of Lady Despard's boudoir, trying to realise all that had passed, and the step she had taken so strangely, so suddenly, and when Lady Despard called out, "Is that you Doris?" she started like one awaking from sleep.

"Yes," it is I," she said. "There is your bracelet."

"Oh, thank you, dear. I am afraid you have had a hard search! Why—what is the matter?" she broke off to exclaim as Doris turned her face to the light. "Why, dear, you are as white as a ghost, and your hands"—taking them anxiously—" are burning. Doris, you have taken a chill! You foolish child to stay out so long, and on account of this stupid bracelet. Why, it isn't of the slightest consequence! Go to bed at once, dear. Stay, I'll come up with you. You look dreadfully ill!"

"I am not ill," said Doris, and she sank down on the leopard skin at Lady Despard's feet. "I have something to tell you, Lady Despard. It was not your bracelet that kept me so long; I—I have been talking to Mr. Levant."

"To Percy Levant! He was there still! What could he have to say? Ah! You don't mean to tell me, Doris, that he has proposed to you!" exclaimed her ladyship, in a tone of suppressed excitement."

"Yes," said Doris, in a low voice; he has asked me to be his wife."

"And—and you said, 'No,' of course?"

"I said, 'Yes,'" replied Doris.

Her ladyship sank back, and stared at the pale, lovely face.

"You—said—'yes'! But, good Heavens, my dear Doris, have you thought? Percy Levant! Why, child, there are half a dozen of the best of the men here madly in love with you. I know—I know—that the Prince Romeris is only waiting an opportunity to propose to you! And Percy Levant! Of course, I'm not surprised that he should ask you; I've seen that he was over head in love with you. Of course, we've all seen it, but I never thought he would venture to tell you, least of all that he should ask you to be his wife. Why—why, he hasn't a penny; he is as poor as a church mouse."

"Then he is as rich as I," said Doris in a low voice.

"Yes; but—but——! But, there,—what is the use of talking; it's his face and his voice, of course. And how long have you cared for him? Are you sure you love him?"

Doris's face grew scarlet for a moment, then went pale again.

"He loves me very dearly and truly," she murmured almost inaudibly.

"Yes! That's nothing wonderful: so do other men. But you, you,—do you love him?"

"I shall marry him," said Doris gently.

Lady Despard almost groaned.

"Why, child, you must have taken leave of your senses. You have consented to marry a poor man, a man of whom one knows nothing, and you haven't even the excuse that you love him!"

Doris leant her head upon her hand so that her face was hidden from Lady Despard's anxiously searching eyes.

"I respect him; I think him worthy——"

Lady Despard broke in impatiently,—

"My dear, d ar child, how can you tell? What experience have you had?"

Doris looked up with a swift spasm of pain.

"I have had some experience," she said in a low, troubled voice. "You ask me if I love him. He knows that I do not; and he is content. Lady Despard, I have had two great sorrows in my life; the loss of him who stood as a father to me, was one; the other was the discovery that the man to whom I had given my heart——" she stopped. "Is it so easy to love, and lose, and forget, and love again so quickly?"

Lady Despard laid her hand upon her head with tender sympathy.

"My poor Doris!" she said gently and pityingly. "And that is why you are so cold to them all? I might have known there was something. I am so sorry, dear! But—but why consent to marry Percy Levant?"

Doris smiled wearily.

"I—don't be angry with me—I don't think I can answer in set terms. Perhaps it is because I think I can make him happy—perhaps it is because he is as lonely as I am, or should be but for you, dear Lady Despard. Why should I not marry him and make his life happier and brighter? Perhaps—" her lips quivered—"I shall learn to forget the past now that I have buried it for ever!"

Lady Despard looked at her with troubled apprehension.

"My dear —" she commenced, but Doris stopped her almost excitedly.

"If you are going to tell me that it is hopeless, that I shall never forget, don't go on," she said in a low hurried voice. "Right or wrong, I have given my word, and—and for the future it is of him I shall think and not of myself. I am a woman—and shall not break my promise," she added almost to herself, and with a touch of bitterness as she thought of the man who had broken his promise to her. "Dear Lady Despard, I have told you because I thought it right you should know, because," with a little wince, "I will never again conceal anything—anything that should be told. And now you will accept it as something fixed and irrevocable, will you not?" And you will wish me happiness?" she added, looking up at her with a smile shining through a veil of tears.

Lady Despard stopped and put her arm round the slender neck and kissed her.

"Wish you happiness! With all my heart, dear!" she said warmly. "And now you must forgive all I have said. I was a little surprised and yes—yes, just a little disappointed. I was thinking of the poor prince, you must remember. But, after all, you have chosen the handsomest and nicest man of them all; and I'm sure all the women will be fit to die with envy." Doris smiled at this characteristic touch. And as to his being poor: why, we will see about that, my dear. They tell me I've no end of influence, and it will be a very hard case if we can't find some nice place for him. Oh, you needn't blush, dear; I know he is proud, and you, too, but it's the duty of practical folks like me to look after such romantic young couples as you! Oh, you will see! And now I've got a surprise for you. Who do you think has come?"

Doris shook her head.

"I don't think I am equal to the feeblest kind of conundrum to-night," she said.

"I daresay not. Well, Mr. Spenser Churchill—your guardian as I call him, is here."

Doris started.

"He!" she said, in a low voice, as the old feeling of mingled fear and repugnance rose within her.

"Yes! I was as surprised as you are, for he had not written, as you know. He is out in the grounds looking for you——"

Doris rose almost hastily.

"I—I think I will go to bed," she said, "I am very tired, if you will excuse me."

"Oh, yes, I'll excuse you," said Lady Despard smiling. "It is only natural that you should want to run away and hide yourself to-night. And, am I to tell him, dear?"

Doris turned at the door.

"You may tell everyone," she said quietly. "All the world may know it. It is quite fixed and certain, Lady Despard."

Doris lay awake all through that night trying to realise the fact that she was betrothed to Percy Levant, and by the morning she had succeeded. She would begin a new chapter of her life from this date. The past, which was illuminated by the memory of those happy days in Barton meadows, when she loved and thought herself beloved by Lord Cecil Neville, must be buried for ever.

In the future she must set her heart upon one task, that of learning to love the man who loved her so truly and devotedly, and whom she had promised to marry.

She went down to breakfast a little paler than usual, but very calm and self-possessed, looking as Lady Despard thought, as she greeted her with a loving kiss, like a lily, in her simple white frock.

"Well, dear?" she said, "you have come down, then! I told Mr. Churchill that you were so tired last night that you would very likely not put in an appearance till lunch. He's on the terrace—oh! here he is!"

Mr. Spencer Churchill came in at the French window as she spoke, and advanced to Doris with his sweetest and most benevolent smile.

"My dear Miss Marlowe!" he murmured, "How do you do? I am so glad to see you, and looking the picture of health and happiness—" there were dark marks under Doris's eyes, which wore the look a sleepless night always produces. "The very picture of health and happiness! And with good reason—good reason! You see a little bird has told me the news," and he wagged his head playfully.

"Am I very much like a little bird?" said Lady Despard. "I told him, Doris, dear; you said I might."

"Yes, dear Lady Despard has told me!" he said, spreading his napkin over his knee, and smiling upon them both. "And I hasten to express my best and most heartfelt wishes. Lucky Percy! I must confess that I envy him! He is such a dear fellow! I have known him since he was, oh, quite a boy, and he was always quite, oh, quite too charming! But I never dreamt he would be so fortunate as to win so great a prize as the beautiful Miss Doris!"

Doris took her place in silence. Lady Despard laughed.

"That's a very nice speech and hits them both," she said.

"And it is such a strange coincidence," he went on, "They say that good luck always comes in showers! Do you know I am the bearer of a very good offer for our dear Percy? I won't give you the particulars, but will only say that it will make him almost a rich man. Really, the dear fellow is in favor with the gods."

The door opened and Percy Levant walked in. He bowed to Lady Despard, and to Spencer Churchill, then went to Doris, took her hand, and raised it to his lips, and, as a matter of course, seated himself next to her.

He held a couple of small bouquets in his hand, and placing one beside Lady Despard's plate, laid the other against Doris's.

"Oh, thanks," said Lady Despard, talking quickly to cover the little embarrassment. "You have been flower-gathering this morning? and you met Mr. Spencer Churchill last night? I am so glad he has come, for I want to hear all the news—all the London news, I mean! We seem to be quite at the other end of the world here."

Mr. Spencer Churchill shrugged his shoulders amusedly.

"One comes here to learn the news," he said, with a significant smile at Doris and Percy Levant.

Doris's face flushed, but Percy Levant's remained grave.

"As Mr. Churchill has no gossip to relate

perhaps this will be acceptable," he said. 'I have just got it by this post," and he took a society journal from his pocket and handed it to Doris to pass to Lady Despard.

"'The Glass of Fashion!'" exclaimed her ladyship. "How nice! I haven't seen it for ages," and she opened it with a little flush of satisfaction. "I always enjoy 'The Glass'; it is always so charmingly spiteful. It ought to be called 'The Cup of Poison'; for it destroys a reputation every week."

She began turning over the pages of this the latest product in society journalism, and Spenser Churchill in vain endeavored to engage Percy Levant in conversation; then suddenly Lady Despard uttered an exclamation.

"What is the matter, dear Lady Despard?" asked Spenser Churchill. "Has 'The Glass' attacked one of your bosom friends?"

"Oh, no, it's this!" replied Lady Despard. "Just listen,—

"Rumor, which is not always untruthful, hinted some time ago at the engagement of one of our principal beauties to the heir of the oldest marquisate in England; and we are now authorized to formally announce that Lady Grace Peyton is engaged to Lord Cecil Neville, the heir and nephew of the Marquis of Stoyle. The marriage will take place as soon as the marquis has recovered from his present attack of illness."

'Cecil Neville and Grace Peyton are really engaged, then, and to be married out of hand! Well,—oh, look!—Doris!" she broke off, with a cry of dismay, for Doris had fallen back in a dead faint.

Mr. Spenser Churchill, with a cry of alarm, sprang from his chair and hastened round the table; but Percy Levant had raised her in his arms, and, as he supported her lifeless form on his breast, stretched out one hand to ward Spenser Churchill off.

"Stand back!" he said hoarsely, his white face set hard and stern. "You shall not touch her!" and, lifting her bodily, he carried her into the hall.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON this occasion, at least, the society papers did not lie: Lord Cecil Neville and Lady Grace Peyton were engaged! If some marriages are made in Heaven, certainly some other matches are made by the gossip-mongers, and this was one of them.

If anyone had told Cecil Neville that in a few short months he would, though having lost Doris, have proposed to Lady Grace, he would have laughed the prophet to scorn; and yet propose to her he did.

From that eventful morning when he had received, as he thought, irrefutable proof of Doris's faithlessness and treachery, and been rescued from imprisonment by Lady Grace, a great change had fallen upon Cecil Neville. Life had lost its savor, and the days that used to pass so swiftly with pleasure at the helm and youth at the prow, hung like lead upon his hands. Time, which most of us find all too short, dragged with him. Do what he would he could not drown the memory of the beautiful girl whom he had loved so passionately, and whose image seemed engraven upon his heart. Morning, noon and night her presence seemed to haunt him. He went about as usual for a day or two, but the old amusements, the clubs, where he was always so warmly greeted; the dances, which never seemed complete successes without "Cissy" Neville; the river parties, and four-in-hand excursions, in which he was always the leading spirit, all seemed tame and spiritless, and though he laughed as usual, and tried to hide the wound which he had received, his friends noticed that he seemed preoccupied and gloomy; and when he found that they observed it, and that he was sitting silent in the midst of the carnival of the pleasure, like the ghost-haunted man in the ballad, he suddenly took his fishing-rod and went off to Norway.

He had met Lady Grace frequently since the morning she had come to his rescue, but they had only exchanged a few words at meeting and parting, as he felt that he could not talk as if nothing had happened, and he would not talk of what had happened, and on the night before his sudden departure he had only said a few concise words of farewell.

"Going to Norway?" she said, in a constrained voice. "Yes?—well, I think that is the best thing you can do; it is all very stupid here in London!" and she had given him her hand, and let her magnificent eyes rest on his for a second or two with a look that would have impressed him and set him thinking, if he had ever given thought to any other subject but the faithless girl who had jilted him.

If anyone had told him that Lady Grace had gone home a few minutes after parting from him, and shut herself up for a couple of days, re-appearing looking pale and weary, it would never have occured to him that her sudden disappearance had been on his account.

He went to Norway, and though he thought of her now and again with a pride which made him miserable,—for he could not see how on earth he was going to repay her the money she had so generously paid for him,—he was too much occupied with recalling Doris to think much of this other beautiful woman.

He ought to have been happy in Norway, for the fishing was good, and he was lucky, but the big salmon did not bring him the satisfaction they had used to yield; and he was sitting one evening in the room of the rather rough inn at which he was staying, wondering what he should do with himself next, and whether it wouldn't be better to go and bury himself in South Africa, or volunteer for the next of the little wars, when he heard his name mentioned.

There was a party of young men staying at the inn, and they occupied the room next to his and divided from it by the thinnest of partitions, through which their constant chatter and laughter filtered day and night to worry him.

When he heard his name, he woke up from a reverie in which he was wondering whether Doris was happy, and whether she ever thought of him and those days in the Barton meadows; and, remembering that listeners seldom hear any good of themselves, he took up his pipe, and was walking out to smoke in the open air, when he heard Lady Grace's name also.

Thinking that the speakers might be friends of his or hers, he waited a moment, then sunk back into his chair, his face scarlet, his brow dark with a heavy frown. for this is what he heard.

"I tell you it's an abso.ute truth," said one of the young fellows. "I had it from a most reliable source. The lady in question was seen leaving Lord Cecil Neville's rooms alone and unattended——"

"Nonsense! Lady Grace—Lady Grace of all women in the world!—go alone to Lord Neville's chambers! You must be mad, old fellow!"

"I'm not mad," retorted the first speaker, "and I wish to goodness you wouldn't bellow out her name; I carefully avoided mentioning it; these walls are no thicker than paper, and you can't tell who may be on the other side."

"Oh, it's all right," said the other; "but, come, you know, the story is as thin as the partition! Why no woman would do such a thing, unless she were utterly reckless of her good name."

"I daresay not," said the first, still as coolly; "but perhaps the lady in question happens to be reckless where this gentleman is concerned. Anybow I had it on good authority, and I happen to know it is an undisputable fact. Why, man, it was all the talk when I left London. It is said that she is head over ears in love with him——"

"Phew!" exclaimed one of the others, "that makes it more. If she was guilty of such an indiscretion, all I can say is she must be very much in love! Lady Grace ——"

"Do shut up!" cried the first speaker. "No names, remember!"

—"Well, well, the lady in question is one of the best known women in society, and such a report would mean social ruin to her. Where did you hear it?—give me your authority."

The first man seemed to pause a moment, then in a voice too low for Cecil to hear, said—

"I don't mind giving it to you: I heard it from Spencer Churchill!"

"Then you may swear to its truth; that man never makes a mistake!" responded one of the young fellows. "Well, I'm awfully sorry, Lady—the lady is always very kind and pleasant to me, and I think her one of the loveliest creatures in the world. As for Lord Neville—well, if he can remain quiescent while the story is going about, and does nothing to contradict it or set it right—all I can say, he is a very different man from what I have always understood him to be. Where is he now? I hear he has come a regular cropper in money matters. I saw him a little while ago, and he looked awfully down on his luck."

"Oh, he's gone abroad, I believe," replied the other.

Lord Cecil sat perfectly still for a minute, his brain surging, his heart beating with mingled fury and consternation; then, with his pipe still in his hand, he got up and knocked at the door of the adjoining room.

Someone opened it, and Lord Cecil, with a slight bow, stepped in and stood before the group of young men, who stared at his now grave, pale face enquiringly.

"I am sorry to distrub you, gentlemen," he said; but it is only right I should tell you that I am the occupant of the next room, and that I have heard every word you said."

"There!" exclaimed the young fellow who had started the conversation, in a tone of vexation and reproach; "I told you so! I said the partition was like paper, and that someone might be on the other side, and you fellows wouldn't hear me!"

"Yes, I have heard every word," said Lord Cecil sternly; "and as I have the honor to be a friend of the lady of whom you were speaking, it is my duty to tell you that the man who whispers a word against the reputation of that lady is a liar!"

They sprang to their feet as a body, and stared at him with angry surprise; but Lord Cecil put up his hand to command silence.

"Hear me out, please. You may, not unnaturally, demand to know why I should take upon myself to champion the lady's cause. I do so because I hope to have the honor of being that lady's husband. My name is Cecil Neville: there is my card." He did not toss it melodramatically, but courteously placed it on the table before them. "If any of you consider that he is affronted by what I have said, I shall be happy to afford him any satisfaction he may think necessary."

With a slight bow he was leaving the room, when the young fellow who had been the first speaker said—

"One moment, Lord Neville, if you please." Lord Cecil stopped and stood facing them with a stern countenance. "If anyone is to blame in this matter it is myself; and I am ready to give you any satisfaction you may require; but I think it right to state, frankly and freely, that I did not mention the lady's name, nor was I aware that she was engaged to you; I will say, also, that I deeply regret that I should have mentioned the subject at all. But I spoke the simple truth when I said that it was a topic of common rumor; and I may add that it will give me great pleasure and satisfaction to contradict the report whenever and wherever I may hear it repeated."

"I thank you," said Lord Cecil simply, and with a grave bow that took in them all, he turned and left the room.

An hour later he was on his way to England.

By whomsoever spread, this report was in circulation—and he could not contradict it! Lady Grace had been to his rooms alone and unattended, and it was his duty as a gentleman and a man of honor to protect her.

What did it matter what became of him, or whom he married? He must marry someone, and some day. The heir to the marquisate of Stoyle could not remain single. Rank has its duties as well as its privileges, and it is the duty of the head of a noble house to carry on the direct line. He would have to marry sooner or later, though his heart throbbed and ached every time he thought of Doris Marlowe; and why not marry Lady Grace?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TO PRESERVE SILK, &c.—Colored silk articles, particularly those of delicate tints, should not be kept folded in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in bleaching the paper will impair the color of the silk. Brown or blue paper is better; the yellowish smooth Indian paper is best of all. Silk intended for dress should not be kept long in the house before it is made up, as lying in the folds will have a tendency to impair its durability by causing it to cut or split, particularly if the silk has been thickened by gum. Thread lace veils are very easily cut; satin and velvet, being soft, are not easily cut, but dresses of velvet should not be lain up with any weight above them. If the nap of thin velvet is laid down, is is difficult to raise it up again. Hard silk should never be wrinkled, because the thread is easily broken in the crease, and it cannot be easily rectified. The way to take the wrinkles out of silk scarfs or handkerchiefs is to moisten the surface evenly with a sponge and some very weak glue, and then pin the silk round the selvedges on a mattress or feather bed, taking pains to draw out the silk as tight as possible. When dry the wrinkles will disappear. Some silk articles may be moistened with weak glue or gum water, and the wrinkles ironed out on the wrong side by a warm flat-iron.

LEARN to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Bric-a-Brac.

CHOOSING A MAYOR.—In olden days the burgesses of Grimsby, England, were wont to decide by a very odd process which among them should be mayor. Having chosen three of their number as eligible for the position, they blindfolded them, tied bunches of hay at their backs, and conducted them to the common pound, where a calf awaited their coming. He whose bunch of hay was first eaten by the calf was pronounced most worthy of the mayoralty, and installed in office accordingly.

WASHING THE FEET.—On Good Friday Queen Elizabeth, when thirty-nine years of age, attended by thirty-nine ladies, performed this ceremony at Greenwich, when thirty nine poor women had their feet dipped in basins of water and dried by their Sovereign, who knelt before them on a cushion, afterwards marking the foot with the sign of the Cross and reverently kissing it. The chronicler adds, that the feet of the women had been previously washed, by the yeomen of the laundry, with warm water and sweet herbs. Afterwards gifts of three kinds—money, broad cloth for clothes, woollen stockings, and baskets of provisions—were distributed.

MARRIAGE AMONG THE JEWS.—Marriage that is prompted by money is viewed with exceeding disfavor, and the Talmud scruples not to declare that the children of such ill-omened unions are sure to turn out amiss. Nay, further, what a man receives from his wife, by way of portion, is pronounced not to be honest money, in the strictest and severest sense. What the practice of modern Jews may be in the selection of a wife, it is superfluous to inquire; but it is enough to know that there is hardly any point upon which their authoritative teachers are more dogmatically precise than in forbidding all consideration of pecuniary gain to enter into matrimonial calculations. A man is allowed to marry into any family of Israelites he pleases, whatever their social rank or standing may be, but he is exhorted to use all diligence to mate with the daughter of a learned man. Should such a one, unhappily, be out of reach, he must next turn his mind towards the family of some one who is renowned for his good deeds.

ST. GREGORY.—The great day in November in the annals of the Church is the seventeenth, dedicated to the glorious Saint Gregory—the greatest worker of miracles in the whole calendar—called the great thaumaturgist, from this very gift. The staff, borne by Saint Gregory, on being raised to Heaven in a drought, brought down at once the refreshing rain, which, had been prayed for night and day by the population of the district. Saint Basil compares him to the great leader of the Israelites, calling him a "sinless Moses." With the same miraculous staff with which he had brought down the rain from Heaven, he stayed the inundation of the Lycus, which threatened destruction to the crops, and had carried away whole flocks of cattle. The Saint wept to behold the desolation caused by the overflow. Proclaiming aloud his faith in Heaven, he planted his staff firmly upon the river's bank, and commanded the water, in the name of the Lord, to cease from troubling the earth beyond that landmark. The waves retired on the instant, and the inundation ceased.

TAKING THEM IN.—During the Revolutionary war two brothers from one of the eastern ports were commanders of privateers. They cruised together, and were eminently successful, doing great damage to the enemy, and making money for themselves. One evening, being in the latitude of the shoals of Nantucket, but many miles to the eastward of them, they espied a large British vessel, having the appearance of a merchantman, and made towards her; but, to their astonishment, found her to be a frigate in disguise. A high breeze prevailing, they hauled off in a different directions. One only could be pursued, and the frigate gained rapidly on him. Finding he could not run away, the commander had recourse to a stratagem. On a sudden he hauled in sail, and all hands were employed with setting poles, as if shoving off a bank. The people on board the frigate, amazed at the supposed danger they had run, and to save themselves from being grounded, immediately clawed off, and left the more knowing Yankee to make himself scarce, who, soon as night rendered it prudent for him, hoisted sail in a sea two hundred fathoms deep.

ANY one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuance of them shows it is a part of the temperament.

CHILDREN'S FACES

BY E. A. M'WILLIAM.

You bring me peace, O innocent child-faces!
With your clear questioning eyes,
Your fairy forms, your sweet unconscious graces,
Your lips, where laughter lies.

Out in the world too long, I grow heart-weary;
But in these leisure days,
Throwing aside the old routine so dreary,
I join the children's plays.

In twilight, round my chair they love to gather,
To hear the story old—
Heroic tales of many a brave forefather
In stirring days of old.

God bless the children with their rosy faces!
Their eyes like Truth's clear wells,
Their loving hearts, their many heavenly graces,
Their lips, where laughter dwells.

A Lord's Daughter.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PINCH OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SHE SAT DOWN again and put her hand penitently back into his. He bent over it for one moment. Heaven only knew how he longed to press passionate kisses upon that little blue-veined cream-white hand; but, after a brief struggle with himself, he only pressed it gently, and then laid it back again near its fellow upon the soft black folds of her dress.

"I will tell you everything," she said presently. "You want to know the secret that has haunted me ever since my father took me away from Mayfield Farm where I was brought up? It is not such a dreadful one after all; and yet Heaven knows I have found it hard enough to bear sometimes! You know that I was taught to believe myself Farmer Dobson's daughter. I was very fond of him and of his wife, whom I looked upon as my mother. Poor Tom Darley was a young farmer in the parish. He was industrious and steady, and, although I did not at the time understand what his attentions meant, I see now that he paid assiduous court to me, and I know he wished to marry me. I believe both Mr. and Mrs. Dobson, believing that my father would never trouble himself any more about me, and thinking that it would be a very good settlement for me, encouraged Tom in every possible way, so that he came took to look upon me as his future wife, although he had never asked me to marry him."

"Did you ever love him, my dear Kathleen?"

"Honestly, never! But I was young and ignorant, and I suppose I liked him, and that he flattered my childish vanity by running after me."

"And did he never speak to you then?"

"Never until the day came when my father wanted to take me away. Then he told me he loved me, and entreated me not to go. I was very unhappy at having to leave the Dobsons, and Tom frightened me rather, and I was weak and silly; and so, in an evil moment, I promised to marry him when I was twenty-one, because he told me that I should be of age then, and could do as I liked in spite of my father."

"And was that all?" murmured Adrian, with a sigh of relief.

"All—save that I gave him a rose as a token of my promise, which he was to send back to me when he intended to come and claim me. You know how he sent it—you saw me receive the faded flower, Adrian!"

"Yes; I shall never forget that terrible evening!"

"And then I went out to meet him—for he hung about the Castle incessantly, and I had often caught sight of him in my walks and rides."

"My poor child, what an existence you must have led!"

"Yes—it was dreadful. But I made it ten times worse that day by renewing my promise to him."

"Why on earth did you do that? It was a fatal mistake."

"Yes; but he had the power of terrifying me from the first by threats of what he would do."

"What did he threaten?"

Adrian leaned forward eagerly; he felt that the answer to this question was the key to the whole situation.

A vivid blush rose slowly to her face, and her eyes fell beneath the gaze he turned on her.

"He threatened to kill the man I loved," she said at last.

For a few moments he was silent, not knowing how to answer her. He saw now how strong must have been the love which she had given him—strong enough even for self-sacrifice, so only that she might save the lover who could be nothing to her.

"I owe my life to you, Kathleen," he said presently.

"No, no," she cried, with a wail of wretchedness—"do not say so—because I diverted his suspicions from you, and so poor Alfred died in your place; and I shall feel myself for ever to have been guilty of his death!"

"Kathleen," said Adrian at length, "why on earth did you not tell your father all this, and claim his protection from this man?"

"Ah, why indeed? It is what I shall never cease to regret to the last hour of my life. But I was afraid. My father was very proud. I knew that my mother's low birth was a very sore point with him. He was so fond of me that he could not bear to remember that my mother's humble origin might reproduce itself in her child. He would have considered it a horrible disgrace if I had told him that I was pledged to marry a man in poor Tom's position, who had fallen considerably, too, from the respectable place he once held amongst his fellows. I feared his anger and his contempt; I was afraid to tell my father the truth."

"And so," said Adrian slowly, "some one else took the words out of your mouth and told him more than the truth!"

Their eyes met. The same thought was in both their minds. How easily the little history of her girlish mistake and its consequences might have been twisted in dextrous hands into something far blacker and far more unendurable to the fond pride of a father!

How simply the complications which had beset her path and her own terrors and confusion might have been interpreted by the malice of an enemy into an appearance of guilt of the deepest dye, and of the worst sin of which a woman could be capable! Some one had undoubtedly done this.

Who was the enemy who had done it? And how had that enemy been able to penetrate to the bedside of the sick man in order to breathe into his ears the foul things that were to shatter all his hopes concerning his young daughter?

These were the questions which they both asked of themselves, but which neither of them dared to put into words at present.

"We must find Mrs. Hyam," was all that Deverell said after that significant pause. "I am determined that, whatever the cost, whatever the shame to myself and to others, the truth shall be known."

And then he wished her good-bye and left her.

Walking away townwards through the dark streets, Sir Adrian Deverell felt that this conversation with Kathleen had not been waste of time. The subject was narrowing itself to his perceptions.

The persons who could have penetrated alone into Lord Elwyn's bed-chamber were very few in number—those who desired to do his daughter an injury fewer still.

Then he remembered how it had been said that Mrs. Hyam had run out and met Lucille, and had told her to fetch Mr. Williams—presumably it was to alter something in his will that he was to be summoned in such a hurry.

And Lucille, when she entered, had been mistaken for Kathleen by the father in his delirium, and so he had cursed her. Why should he have cursed Kathleen, seeing that a short hour before he had parted with her on the most loving terms, and that she had promised him to marry Alfred?

After that promise had been given, some one must assuredly have poisoned his mind against his child. Who was that same one?

At the bottom of his heart Adrian had very little doubt who it was; and his brow grew black, and he set his teeth together as it came home more and more to him.

"I do not care," he muttered; "I will unmask her wickedness at any cost! Nothing shall induce me to marry her if it indeed was she. And who else, seeing that Lady Elwyn was down-stairs in the dining-room with the Doctors at the time—who else, save Lucille, could have got alone into the sick-room and told that vile untruth?"

And he strode along through the shadowy London streets with a perfect tempest of rage and indignation—ay, and of hatred and loathing—storming at his heart.

The inquiries which Sir Adrian Deverell had addressed to Doctor Grieves concerning Mrs. Hyam's whereabouts did not result in such a satisfactory conclusion as he had expected.

After a delay of two days, Doctor Grieves answered his letter with an apology for his own temporary absence from home and a regret that he did not know Mrs. Hyam's private address.

He enclosed however that of the institution of nurses who were accustomed to employ her, and to which he had telegraphed at the time of Lord Elwyn's fatal seizure.

Adrian betook himself immediately in a hansom to the address given. He knocked at the door of a large sombre-looking house in a quiet street in Bloomsbury, and it was speedily opened by a neat maiden of about fourteen.

"Can you tell me Mrs. Hyam's address?"

"I will call the Lady Superior, sir, if you will walk in."

He was ushered into a ground-floor room; and presently an elderly lady, in a black dress and a starched white cap tied primly under her chin, entered and requested him to state in what way she could serve him.

"I am exceedingly anxious to see Mrs. Hyam, madam. Are you able to give me her address?"

The Lady Superior referred briefly to a book lying upon the small writing-table.

"Mrs. Hyam is not in town at present; but I can recommend quite as good a nurse to you."

"Pardon me," interrupted Adrian—"I do not require a professional nurse; I only wish to see Mrs. Hyam on a matter of business. I would go anywhere to see her, or any distance. The business I wish to speak to her about is of importance."

The Lady Superior touched a hand-bell upon the table, and a respectable-looking young woman answered the summons immediately.

"Do you know where Mrs. Hyam was going, Eliza?"

"No madam—she did not tell me."

The Lady Superior turned to her visitor with the shadow of a smile upon her severe face.

"The fact is, sir, that Mrs. Hyam, who has been very hard-worked of late, has asked for three weeks' holiday, and we cannot tell you where she has gone. But we understood from her that she contemplated shortly being married again. Of course we know nothing about the private history of our trained nurses; still this little fact did leak out before her departure. She is certain to communicate with me on her return; and, if you will leave me your name and address, I will let you know as soon as I hear tidings of her."

With this Sir Adrian was forced to be satisfied. He left his card and a small donation for the institute with it upon the table and went away.

There was eventually nothing more to be done until Mrs Hyam chose to return as Mrs. Somebody Else from her honeymoon.

CHAPTER XXVII.

TWO OR THREE days passed away uneventfully. Adrian looked anxiously through his daily letters hoping for news of the absent nurse; but he heard nothing of her, and he felt that patience was his only course.

During these days he went down one afternoon to Claymore Gardens, and was relieved to find that the little household had settled down again into peace and tranquility.

Thanks to the good offices and the promptitude of Mr. Blakely, poor Tom Darley's remains had not been allowed to stay for longer than was absolutely necessary beneath Kathleen's roof.

All had been arranged most quietly, and the coffin was carried away late one evening; so that no idle curiosity had been aroused and no questions had been asked to annoy or distress the ladies concerning it.

"That Mr. Blakely seems like a good sort of chap remarked Adrian.

"Yes, indeed," answered Kathleen heartily; "I do not know what we should have done without him. And he is kindness itself; he has been in twice since to see us to inquire if he could do anything more for us. Last night he came in after dinner and sat with us for ever so long; and we found him most intelligent and agreeable. Did we not, Mary?"

Miss Hale kept her eyes discreetly fixed upon her needlework, and replied demurely that Mr. Blakely was certainly most agreeable.

"Well, you must not allow him to become a nuisance to you," remarked Sir Adrian, whose only thought naturally was for Kathleen, and who was immediately convinced that this agreeable young Doctor could have only one object in calling at Claymore Gardens—that of feasting his eyes upon the Honorable Miss Elwyn's beauty.

"Oh, we shall not find him a nuisance at all!" cried Kathleen gaily. "Besides," she added, with a smile, as she met Adrian's eyes, "he is prescribing tonics for Mary; so of course he has to come and watch how his patient progresses."

Adrian felt curiously relieved—he could not exactly have told why—whilst Mary's vivid blush and indignant disclaimer betrayed to the others the fact that she was by no means unconscious of the drift of Mr. Blakely's visits.

Adrian, having fulfilled the main object of his call—which was to tell Kathleen that he had not yet succeeded in finding Mrs. Hyam, but had good hopes of doing so in time—shortly afterwards took his leave.

By a tacit understanding, there were to be no more private interviews between them. Kathleen had especially begged Mary to remain in the room whenever Sir Adrian called; and he, on his part, had had no expectation that she would do otherwise. He knew that Kathleen was perfectly right, and he admired her for her discretion. All the same, his heart ached a little as he held her hand in farewell and looked earnestly into her sweet face. Her eyes met his sadly and yet very bravely, and her voice did not falter, as she asked him gently—

"When is your marriage going to be, Sir Adrian?"

"It is not quite settled yet," he answered, in a low voice, while his brow darkened and his eyes fell gloomily; "but I suppose it will be immediately after Easter."

"There need certainly be no further delay," replied Kathleen quietly, as she relinquished his hand. "If you have anything of importance to tell me, no doubt you will call again on us; but, if not——"

"If not, I will not come again," he hastened to say—for he divined her unbroken thought, and knew how hard these meetings must be for her as well as for himself—and, without trusting himself again to meet all the pain and regret in the dear eyes he loved so well, he left her presence somewhat hurriedly.

"I must not go there again!" he said to himself, when he got into the street.

"I dare not go! Oh, my sweet Kathleen, love of my life, that can never be mine! Heaven only knows what it costs me to give you up! How gladly would I take you in my arms and carry you far away to some sunny land where you and I, forgetting all else, might live only for each other and be happy together! But it must not be! Honor stands between me and happiness and bars the way to the wild longings of my heart—honor and duty!"

He walked along gloomily and miserably, feeling bitterly how hopeless and how dreary was the whole outlook of his future life.

Nothing could now stand between him and his doom—nothing save the faint hope of some revelation from the lips of the undiscoverable Mrs. Hyam which might prove Lucille Maitland unworthy to be his wife. He himself felt how widely improbable it was that anything that that worthy woman might divulge to him would be of so definite a nature as to bring home to her any positive proof of her wickedness.

He felt that Lucille was far too clever not to be able and ready to refute all accusations and to explain away all the suspicious circumstances of her case.

It would be her word against Mrs. Hyam's word, and not a shadow of corroborative proof on either side—the word of a lady against the word of a servant. Who could doubt which way the judgment of the world would go?

Nevertheless he was so feverishly anxious to learn if there might not still be a loophole of hope for him that he went round to his club before going, as he was bound, to pay his daily respects to Lucille and her aunt. There was however no letter; so he hurried back to Green Street, and found himself so late when he got there that Lucille had already gone up-stairs to dress for dinner, and Lady Elwyn was alone in the drawing-room.

"Dear me, how late you are to-day, Adrian! We did not think you were coming at all! Why, it is nearly seven o'clock, and Lucille has gone up stairs to change her dress!"

Deverell murmured something about business, and offered to go away as his visit was so inopportune.

"Oh, dear, no—don't go! In fact, it's an

ill wind, as the proverb says, for, now you are here, you had much better stay and have dinner with Lucille. The truth is, I am obliged to go out. I have a sister-in-law—my poor brother's widow, Mrs. Maitland—whom I have not seen for years—she lives in the North—and she has come up to town on business connected with some money that has lately been left to my family, and wants to see me about her share of it, which of course she is entitled to, poor thing—she wants to consult me about the lawyers and so on—and so, as she is in town only for twenty-four hours, stopping at the Euston Hotel, I am going up there to have a little quiet dinner with her. Lucille was to be quite alone; you may as well stay as you are—it will take so long to go back and dress. Go and wash your hands upstairs and stop here. I don't think there can be any impropriety in your dining with Lucille alone, as you are so soon going to be married, and the servants all know about it. Can you find your way up stairs? Very well—then I must be off; for the brougham is just at the door. You will have a nice quiet evening with Lucille. Good-bye! I shall not be late; perhaps you will be here when I come back."

She waved her hand to him and departed.

Adrian followed her suggestion, and went up-stairs to wash his hands. When he came down again, the room was still empty.

He had mentioned to the butler that he was staying for dinner, and now awaited the appearance of his betrothed, standing with his back to the fire, and wishing with all his heart that he could see a prospect of ever loving or even esteeming her again.

Presently he heard the soft rustle of her gown as she came down-stairs, and immediately afterwards she entered, wearing a flowing tea-gown of crepe de Chine, softened with wide drooping frills of white lisse that fell like a wreath of snow from her throat to her feet.

Her arms were bare to the very shoulders and diamond bangles were clasped around their firm creamy whiteness; in her golden locks shone a brilliant arrow of diamonds, and great solitaire stones glittered in her small ears.

Like a flash the thought went through his mind—"Does she dress like this then to sit down to a solitary dinner by herself?"

He was not particularly observant of dress as a rule—he knew that Lucille was always superbly arrayed; but there was something in the bare arms and the diamonds—in the whole effect of this seductive tea-gown—which struck him as being odd for the occasion.

When she came in, she stood stock-still, gazing at him for a moment as if spell-bound; and it seemed to him that there passed across her face, at the same time with the easily accountable look of surprise, an expression of quite unaccountable dismay; but it was so quickly chased away by the smile with which she came forward to welcome him that he could not have said for certain whether it had really been there, or whether it had not been only a fancy.

"My dear Adrian, this is indeed a pleasure! I had given you up for to-day! When did you come?"

"I have been here nearly half an hour," he said, half turning his head to consult the clock behind him. "Your aunt invited me to stay and dine with you, as she had to go out."

Then again his eyes fell upon the tea-gown and the bare arms and the diamond bangles.

"My dear Lucille," he exclaimed almost involuntarily, "what a wonderful tea-gown! Am I always to expect such jewels and such sumptuous garments when we discuss our tete-a-tete dinners in the near future?"

She tapped his cheeks playfully with her taper fingers.

"Not very likely, sir! I was just putting on a dreadful old rag, believing myself doomed to a solitary evening; but a little bird whispered to me that you were here, and so I changed rapidly to this new tea-gown, which has just been sent home from the dressmaker. I wanted you to see me in it. Do you admire it?"

"Very much," he answered, looking her over slowly and thoughtfully. "And so you expected to see me then when you walked into the room just now? You knew that I was here—you were not surprised?"

Then remembering the utter astonishment and the vague shadow of dismay upon her face as she entered, he was convinced that she was lying to him, although what the object of the lie could be he failed utterly to see.

She nodded gaily to him and kissed him of her own accord. She was not often so demonstrative or so affectionate.

"Now," she cried, "you will want to go away and dress of course; so I will put off dinner half an hour for you, if you can manage to get back so soon."

"Not at all! Lady Elwyn kindly absolved me from dressing, and I have washed my hands up-stairs. I should be sorry to keep you waiting for dinner—and, in fact, it is ready now."

The butler at that moment opened the door and announced it.

There was nothing for it. Lucille took his proffered arm in silence, and they went down stairs together.

In Deverell's mind there was a whole legion of suspicions and conjectures. He watched her narrowly; he felt he should be foolish if he took his eyes off her for one moment; he divined that she would have been very glad if he had gone away to dress, and that she was disturbed because he had not done so.

She was evidently uneasy. She talked a great deal, and was more agreeable and conversational than usual; but he was convinced that this was but a blind—that her gaiety was forced and her amiability a mere cloak to conceal her true feelings. Once or twice he caught her looking at the clock.

The dinner did not take long; it was light and of very few courses. When it was at an end, she said to him quite pleasantly—

"No, Adrian dear, pray stay here and enjoy your cigar and coffee in peace. I will go up-stairs and finish the third volume of my novel, and you shall join me when you have finished your smoke."

He seemed once more to see a purpose in this—a purpose of getting rid of him for a few minutes.

What did she want to do? Send off a note or a telegram unknown to him perhaps. He jumped up promptly and answered her with every appearance of lover-like assiduity.

"Certainly not, my dear Lucille! I do not so often spend an evening alone in your delightful society that I can afford to waste a portion of it in the company of a cigar. I would far rather talk to you than smoke; and I shall therefore infinitely prefer to accompany you up-stairs."

As he followed her out of the room and she preceded him up-stairs, he could not see her face; but she made no answer. When they reached the drawing-room, she was no evidence of annoyance in her manner; he fancied however that she turned a little pale. He drew forward two comfortable arm-chairs before the fire and they sat down.

"Now let us have a cosy talk," he said, with apparent cheerfulness, but growing more and more suspicious of her every moment.

She was restless and uneasy; she watched the clock furtively, then jumped up and paced about the room as though unable to sit still.

When the butler was leaving the room with the coffee-cups, she tried to follow him to the door, with the evident intention of giving him some private order; but Adrian strolled after her and pretended to examine a picture upon the wall close behind the servant's head, so that she could not carry out her intention.

Then they sat down again; but that time all her easy flow of conversation was at an end; she seemed incapable even of answering his remarks, and replied to them at random.

Suddenly it seemed to come upon him like a revelation what it was that was the matter with her—she was expecting some one!

"You seem very restless, Lucille. Are you expecting anybody to call that you look at the clock so often?"

"My dear Adrian, what an idea! Who could call at such an hour? How ridiculous!"

The words were scarcely out of her mouth before the door opened and the man-servant announced:

"Mr. Doyle!"

Laurie came in quickly, smiling and eager and in evening-dress. When he caught sight of Sir Adrian Deverell looking at him with haughty surprise, he stopped short, changed color, and looked excessively taken aback. Before he could speak, Lucille cried sharply:

"Good gracious, Mr. Doyle, what on earth brings you here at such an hour? This is indeed a surprise! Are you the bearer of any news of importance, or to what do I owe the honor of such an unlooked-for visit?"

Poor Laurie certainly wished at that juncture that the earth would open and swallow him up. Sir Adrian leaned back against the mantelshelf with folded arms and gazed at him fixedly with a most bitterly sarcastic smile upon his handsome face.

Laurie looked very red and foolish and began to blunder forth some unintelligible excuses.

"I beg ten thousand pardons, Miss Maitland! Pray forgive my intrusion! I came, you know, to tell Lady Elwyn she had better put her 'fiver' on Robin Hood for the Manchester Handicap—she asked me to let her know, you remember. I hear it's a real good thing; and, as I happened to be passing—going out to dinner with some friends in the next street—in fact——"

"What—at nine o'clock? At what a curious hour your friends dine!" exclaimed Deverell.

"I—I just stopped my cab for a moment as I went by——"

"It seems to me that you sent the cab away, Mr. Doyle," again interpolated Deverell.

"I—I can't stop a minute—I'm very late I know—must be off at once!" stammered the poor young man.

With a rapid and nervous bow to them both, he got himself somehow out of the room and slammed the door; and they could hear him running down-stairs and the loud bang of the front-door as he made his very undignified exit out of the house.

They stood there in silence, face to face, without a word until the last of these sounds had completely died away.

Lucille was as white as ashes; she trembled from head to foot, and her scared eyes were fixed upon Adrian's face with positive terror. She was genuinely frightened.

Would Adrian rave and storm at her? Would he revile her, or would he perhaps anathematise her in his rage and fury? Worse than all else, would he break his engagement with her then and there, and would she lose that lovely old place in Yorkshire, and all those thousands a year that were to be settled upon her, and that big fire-proof safe full of family diamonds into the bargain? What would he say or do?

He did not say or do any of the things which she had expected. He simply threw himself down into an arm chair and burst out laughing.

There was no mirth in his laughter; it was long and loud and hearty, but it was not merry. There was indeed a triumpnant exultation in its ring; but there was very little joy or pleasure about it. It was laughter that was as cruel as revenge and as bitter as wormwood.

When he had quite done laughing, he stood up and became as serious as possible again directly; then went close up to her and laid his hand upon her wrist.

"So that was the meaning of the beautiful bare arms and the diamond bracelets on them, my lady, and that look of dismay when you first saw me this evening; and that was why you wanted me to go away and dress, and wanted me to smoke comfortably down-stairs so as to get an opportunity to send off a note to stop Mr. Laurence Doyle from keeping his appointment? Dear aunt was out; so dear Laurie was coming to sit with you, to stroke your beautiful white arms, my Lucille, perhaps to kiss them—who knows?"

"Adrian, how dare you insult me?" she cried, crimsoning hotly. "It is cruel and unjust of you! I—I did not know for certain that Mr. Doyle was coming. He had said something about it; I did not know if he would come or not. You have no right to say such dreadful things to me!"—and she burst into a flood of passionate tears.

Adrian was disturbed. A woman's tears—even this woman's tears—always distressed him.

Perhaps she was less to blame than he believed—perhaps he judged her with undue harshness. Why indeed should he expect rectitude and honorable feeling from her? Perhaps she had been more foolish than sinful; so he took her hand and spoke gently to her.

"Lucille, why on earth did you not speak the truth to me? If you had half expected Mr. Doyle to call and had dressed yourself so smartly in case he should, why did you not tell me so openly, instead of deceiving me and telling me untruths?"

"I was afraid to tell you, Adrian!" she sobbed. "You are so severe, I was afraid you would be angry and jealous. I hoped he would not come, and then you need never have known. Oh, oh, I am so unhappy!"

And then a new thought came into his mind—a thought that set all his pulses tingling and his heart throbbing with a sudden new-born hope.

"Why are you unhappy, Lucille, and why do you cry so much? Is it because you are grieved to have deceived and vexed me, or is it because of some deeper reason? Is it because you love Doyle better than you do me? Tell me, Lucille; because if it is so——"

"Oh, no, no, no!" she interrupted eagerly. "How can you suppose such a thing? I do not care a farthing about Laurie Doyle. He was always foolish about me; but is that my fault? I don't care one bit for him—don't imagine such a thing! He is stupid and dull; he bores me horribly! I always infinitely preferred you, Adrian!"

He sighed a little, and dropped her hand, and those tingling pulses of his died down slowly into their accustomed calmness, whilst something of more than customary coldness and numbness seemed to weigh upon his heart.

This time she had been frightened in downright earnest, for she dried her tears hurriedly and besought him to forgive her—to overlook it for this once; it should never, never happen again; and it was all Mr. Doyle's fault—not hers.

"Very well, my dear," he said gravely and somewhat wearily—"I will forgive you then, and will say no more about it. But, before we have done with the subject—I hope for ever—let me say one thing to you, and let us understand one another thoroughly and for all. You say that Doyle is 'foolish' about you—that means, I suppose, that he fancies himself in love with you? Yes? Well, now, I do not choose that any man should be 'foolish' in such a fashion about the woman who is to be my wife. You must drop Mr. Laurence Doyle's acquaintance, Lucille; it will be kinder to him, and be more in accordance with the self respect due to yourself and with the affection you owe to me."

A mutinous look stole into her face; but she made no reply.

"I do not wish you hereafter to know Mr. Doyle at all; and I request you for the present not to permit him to visit you when your aunt is absent, or to see him alone in any fashion. Do you understand me?"

"Perfectly."

"Very well then—we will say no more about it; but, in order that there may be no mistake between us on this subject, I must ask you to promise me that you will accede to my wishes."

She did not answer. Anger, defiance, intolerance of control, together with the more prudential motives of discretion and worldly wisdom, were striving hotly within her for the mastery.

"Promise me!" he said again, looking at her very keenly; and then, as she did not speak, he added in a low firm voice, "For, as there is a Heaven above us, I swear that, if I ever find you alone again with that man in any circumstances whatever, I will not make you my wife!"

One frightened upward glance into the stern set face above her—one wild secret determination that she would go her own way for all that—one final struggle with her raging passions—and then Lucille Maitland was herself once more, smiling tender, and beautiful as a dream.

"Of course I will promise, dear!" she whispered caressingly; and, winding her beautiful arms around his neck, she raised her lovely crimson lips to his face.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTELLIGENCE OF A TURNIP.—Some time ago an English gentleman found a large turnip in his field in the shape of a man's head, and with the resemblance of the features of a man. Struck with curiosity, he had a cast made of it, and sent the cast to a phrenologist, stating that it was taken from the head of a celebrated professor, and requesting an opinion thereon. After sitting in judgment, it was reported that it denoted a man of acute mind and deep research, and that he had the organ of quick perception, and also of perseverance, with another that indicated credulity.

The opinion was transmitted to the owner of the cast, with a letter requesting as a particular favor that he would send him the head. To this he politely replied he would willingly do so, but he was prevented, as he and his family had eaten it the day before with their mutton at dinner.

A LAWYER'S clerk ran off with 80,000 francs belonging to his employer. A few days after his disappearance, the lawyer received the following letter from the thief: 'Honored sir,—As there is no one in whom I have such confidence as yourself, I venture to inquire if, in the event of my being apprehended, you would consent to undertake my defence?—Yours," etc.

TO THEE.

At morning hour of early spring
Blithely the merry robins sing;
However sweet their songs may be,
Thy voice is sweeter far to me,
Love knows no rivalry!

How beautiful the rose in June
Touched by the sunny warmth of noon;
But dim its beauty doth appear,
My dearest love, when thou art near—
Love blooms without a peer!

The winter night comes on with dread,
The birds are flown—the flowers are dead;
But spring for me will ne'er depart,
Reposing on thy faithful heart—
Day dawns where'er thou art!

Crossed Swords.

BY A. T. M.

IT HAD BEEN A long weary march, begun under starlight; now the sun had risen, and the hot desert sand had grown painful to the feet. But they plodded manfully on, this small body of English soldiers, cheered momentarily by the knowledge that a halt would soon be called. Silence prevailed, the men were tired out, and only the necessary words were spoken.

There was, however an exception. Marching side by side were two men of the same regiment, apparently, though beyond that fact and their age, which might have been in both cases five-and-twenty, there was not much explanation of mutual attraction.

He spoke, in a slow, uneducated southern drawl, was a short, strongly-built man, with hair of a dull sandy hue. His plain face was somewhat lacking in expression, though his grey eyes were fearless and honest.

He to whom he spoke was tall and slightly made, with slender hands and feet, fair brown hair that curled closely about his head, and eyes blue and piercing, that nothing seemed to escape.

Their comrades had marvelled at first at the friendship that had sprung up in such apparent dissimilarity; had laughed at William Norton's dulness, and would have withdrawn John Smith from its influence, offering instead such good-natured gaiety as they were possessed of. But their attempts were of no avail. John Smith made no friends.

Quiet and reserved, unless stung into passion, which had been the case sometimes at first, he went on his way, avoiding intimacy with any one, and those who had wondered at first had now ceased to do so, accepting the fact from which time had long since removed the strangeness.

But then they did not know all that John Smith did; were not able to judge of the link that bound these two together as they trod side by side the burning desert sand.

There was a past to which, when he wished, he could turn his eyes, a past in which William Norton's slow dull tones had also a share. As he paced along now, it was standing out before him, pictured on the hot air—a mirage, in truth.

A beautiful room in a weather-beaten grey stone house; how cool it looked, how delicious the scent of the bowl of roses on the table, by which stood two men.

One of them—himself—young and defiant, hurling angry, passionate words at that older, sterner copy of the boy who faced him.

Anger breeding insult on the part of the younger, anger retorting with threats on the part of the elder; then some final words which seemed still to echo through the air.

"Leave the house, which at least is not yet yours; no son of mine shall insult me in it; and what is more," the older blue eyes flashing with sudden passion, "you need not even count on my death to set things straight; you have trifled away your chances, squandered your money, and have come to me time after time to set things right; well, learn now, you have come once too often——"

"Once," retorted the other, making a step towards the door, "but you need not in the least fear a repetition of the mistake."

"And remember," went on his father, unheeding the interruption, "no law protects you. Pursue your evil courses long enough, and you will wake one day to find yourself penniless. I shall not leave my money to a spendthrift. Before that, there is a hospital—or Aline Mostyn."

"Leave your money where you like"—the young face opposite reflected the passion which had just spoken—"you need not fear to hear of, or see me again."

And a few minutes later Jervis Pierpont's only son stood in the lovely old garden amid its sweet midsummer scents and sounds, his father's threats, his own proud defiance, ringing in his ears, and about the cost of a first-class railway fare to the neighboring county town in his pocket.

It was not the first storm that had broken over Leyton House. The Pierponts were an exceedingly fiery race, and were not accustomed to restrain the expression of their feelings.

Old Mr. Pierpont, left in solitary possession of his library, felt for some hours the pride and glory of a conqueror. He did not keep to himself the fury that was consuming him; all his household were well aware that Mr. Jervis had again displeased his father, that there had been furious words, and that the young man had departed, metaphorically shaking from his feet the dust of Leyton Hall.

The old housekeeper sighed, and deplored the wilfulness of youth, which would not bow to age—especially when age held the purse-strings.

The butler prophesied a speedy reconciliation, and added that the storm would clear the air and they would be better friends afterwards, but that in the meantime it would be as well to agree with the master.

"Young gentlemen were very headstrong, and needed a deal of the whip and spur."

Only one—a young girl with soft dark cloudy hair about her forehead, shadowing two gentle starry eyes—ventured to plead with the father on the absent son's behalf.

But even Aline Mostyn, who had lived under his roof so many years, the only person to whom neither father nor son had ever given one harsh word, found her entreaties of no avail.

"Let him find out the cost of defying me," old Mr. Pierpont had cried. "He will in time."

But as the days passed and the passion subsided:

"Do not fear," he had said once or twice, "he will come back. When he wants money," he added, "he will remember the way to Leyton."

As the days lengthened into weeks, he would add another grain of comfort, which perhaps comforted himself also.

"Oh! I knew the Pierponts, my dear. We are all alike. Hasty, you know, hasty."

But so saying, he forgot the self-reliant woman who had been his wife for so short a time, who had not answered his angry words, who had scarcely feared them, who had defied them in life, and only in death acknowledged that they had broken her heart.

So the months passed and he did not return. The waters closed over the head of Jervis Pierpont, and John Smith passed into the ranks of the army.

And here he stood to-day, dreaming over the old story under the blazing eastern sky, side by side with William Norton, whose familiar yeoman face it had gladdened his eyes to rest upon, that far distant day when he had carried his sore young heart into the new life, which had seemed the only possible means of earning food and raiment.

William Norton had welcomed him, had sympathized in a constrained respectful manner with him, who had been "the young Master" for so long, whose exploits had been the admiration of his boyhood, and whom it was impossible to realize as even temporarily in a position of equality.

It was only of late he had dropped the "Sir" when addressing him, though the different name by which he went had been a help: even his slow brain had grasped with difficulty.

On John Smith himself his companion's dull commonplaces never palled, or if they did he did not show that it was so. He did not offer comments often, but he listened to his observations. His rough offers of sympathy had not jarred.

"He was always a hard man, the old squire. He turned mother out of her home for being a bit behind with her rent, which was the reason I went for a soldier. But he was sorry afterwards, and started her afresh as a washerwoman."

This was the consolation Norton would offer, and pointing the moral, would prophesy further reconciliation.

"He's always sorry after, but it was too late for me, I must serve out my time now."

And something in the patient voice would help the other man's more rebellious soul.

Later on, when they had been so long together that the "Sir" never slipped out Norton confided further to his companion an unfinished love story he had left behind in Leyton, and that by-and-by, when he was back in England, his hope was to return and read the closing pages.

Perhaps as the years went past some of the defiant bitterness was softening under these eastern skies, as amid the roses of Leyton; anyhow day by day now found him readier to listen to Norton's prosings over his memories in which nothing but the sunshine remained; and oftener now when he spoke of her who he trusted was awaiting his return, came thoughts to his listener of a slim, dark-haired girl, who with all else of pleasant in his life, stood on that further side from which those bitter words had parted him.

* * * * * *

A few minutes later the expected halt was called, and they were all dispersed to make preparations for much-needed rest and refreshment.

Dispersed hither and thither, it so chanced that John Smith was widely separated from his companion, who was differently employed, whilst he himself, dreamily haunted by the old story, was helping some others to prepare breakfast. Suddenly shouts of warning and alarm rent the air.

"The enemy! To arms!"

And John Smith, suddenly and quickly aroused from his dreaming, found himself instinctively in his place, trying to ascertain in the momentary confusion what had occurred.

After all, not much.

A sudden unexpected attack, which might have been very grave, only that fortunately those outside had been so close that a few steps had carried them into safety, leaving the angry, disappointed dusky faces beyond, firing vain, badly-directed shots from behind the neighboring bush.

Only—sad sight—two or three still forms lying where they had fallen, whence the swift run to shelter had left them.

"Where is Norton?" Smith asked hurriedly, glancing round, and not recognizing the familiar face.

"Yonder," replied the other, pointing outside.

Almost before the words had escaped him, the man to whom he had addressed them had left his side, and was running lightly as a deer across the intervening yards of ground.

For the moment he had no thought except that this one companion who had lightened the weariness and bitterness of these past years lay here alone, dying—perhaps already dead.

No, not dead, for as he stood by the prone figure he struggled on to his knees, repeating his friend's name; not the name he had learned to call him by of late, but the once familiar boyish appellation, "Master Jervis." Then with a sudden realization of the circumstances, "Go back, go back, Sir!"

He had not thought much before, but now he understood in a moment how slight was the chance of crossing those few feet of ground again.

But quickly, almost as the thought crossed his mind, he helped his comrade to his feet and was assisting his staggering, uncertain steps.

"Lean on me," he said, "as much as you like; I will help you."

"I cannot do it," came back the answer, the voice slower than ever, "I am badly hit, master. Make a run for yourself."

But the strong arm did not relax its grasp, the steady feet did not hasten their pace beyond the strength of those lagging, wearied ones by his side.

Bullets fell vainly and inconsequently about them; it seemed to the watchers that preserver and preserved alike bore a charmed life.

"We'll do it yet, Norton," he said, in would-be encouraging tones, as he felt the sturdy form sway forward and lean more heavily against him. "Only a few more steps."

He was bare-headed now; a surer shot than the rest had struck off his helmet, his fair curls were touched with gold in the sunshine as he reached the way to safety.

There was a rush of those nearest as he appeared above the little rising in the ground which had partly hidden him from view, a ringing cheer as other arms were stretched out to lead Norton to a sheltered corner; then, of a sudden, a loud noise echoing about him, a swift darkening of the heavens, and light and life seemed eclipsed together.

* * * * * *

A soft summer day in England, the young green of the trees looking beautiful in the brilliant morning sunshine, and gathered together some of England's worthiest sons and daughters to witness the bestowal of the reward of valor.

A girl with tender eager eyes, and soft clouds of dark hair about a low white forehead, was standing listening in rapt attention to the story a man was telling her.

"What is his name?" she questioned impatiently.

"John Smith."

"You will point him out to me," she said, and her voice was trembling a little "I think it is one of the bravest things I ever heard."

"Oh, yes, I will show him to you, but you will recognise him at once, from my description. It was a very plucky thing to do."

"And the other man," went on the girl, "what was he like?"

"He was an excessively dull, but eminently respectable specimen of the British soldier."

"And he died?"

"Yes, it seemed a pity, but I must say it would have been more pitiful if Smith's life had been sacrificed to save his."

"But perhaps you did not know him," urged the girl. "There must have been although something very good about him, if such a man as you think Smith to be did not hesitate to risk his life for him."

"Oh, they were devoted to each other, there is no doubt of that. The only wonder was—Why? Let us charitably conclude, as you suggest, that perhaps William Norton may have been possessed of hidden charms."

Here their talk was interrupted by a tall white-haired man, who approaching the girl:

"Aline," he exclaimed, "I have just heard that the man Smith tried to save was young Norton, who used to live at Leyton. Do you remember him?"

"Of course."

"You remember the old mother. I was hard on her, I fear."

"But you made it up to her," said the girl gently.

"Ah, yes," the old man said and sighed; "she gave me the chance of forgiving her."

There was no answer, only a faint echo of his own sigh.

"That is John Smith, Miss Mostyn," the man said by whom she stood, "you cannot see him very well from here."

"Do you think, Captain Foster, I could speak to him afterwards?"

"Certainly you shall. He will, I daresay, be glad to speak to any one who knew poor Norton."

"I used to teach him in the Sunday school."

"Well, he was a duffer, was he not? You ought to know."

"He was not very clever," the girl assented.

"And you cannot throw any light on his charm? Well, I only hope Smith will recover, though I confess I have doubts."

"Ah, how sad, but I thought he was much better."

"So he is; but he has to get a great deal better still. He was very badly wounded."

The little ceremony was completed. John Smith, flushing slightly in his weakness and pride, was standing amongst his fellows—thinking sadly of the one familiar voice that would have rejoiced at to-day, whilst the decoration, that as it seemed to him emphasized his loss, hung on his breast—when amongst the many strange faces round there suddenly seemed to appear a face that was not strange, and that yet was severed by a sharp dividing line from his life, a line almost as sharp as death.

An old face on which the lines were strongly marked then when he had seen it last! The eyes, not now blazing with passion, but softened into longing, the straight figure much more bowed than it used to be.

Some word escaped him, the old man's eyes looked straight into his own, and he turned his head, clutching his companion's arm, as he felt his slight strength failing him.

"I am ill—faint," he said.

The dark cloud was settling down about him, as it had done before, and as on that occasion it seemed again that this must be death; but through the dimness and darkness he was aware of the hand that clasped his coat sleeve, of the hoarse voice that cried:

"Who are you?"

He staggered and felt himself falling, but even in falling instinctively stretched out his hand towards the tall figure that was

once again a figure in his dreams, and, "Father!" he cried.

Then the dark shadows closed above his head.

* * * * * *

But this time there was no terrible awakening, to learn that the comrade, for whom he had risked his life and health, had passed beyond the portals, carrying with him, as it seemed, the chief link that bound him to this world. Then in his despair and pain he had half hoped his summons would come also.

"Live," the doctor had urged, wondering in his kindness, as others had often done, what there had been about poor William Norton to interest one so evidently his superior. "Only strive to live, and you will learn how much there is before you. You will not find yourself entirely forgotten."

Others had crowded round as he grew better, comrades, officers, all with words of kindness and appreciation, but it had all alike seemed vain and futile, until he stood in the glow of the summer sun, on English soil, the badge of honor on his breast, the old man's eyes looking into his.

And this time the dream was real. The awakening was not to be the end of it.

The worn old face was still before him; almost before the doctor had breathed a sigh of relief, the other had cried:

"He is alive, doctor."

"Alive!" the doctor's face relaxing, "do not fear. We are not going to let him slip away so easily."

But the thin delicate face on the pillow did not serve to inspire any rash hopes.

The doctor turned away, seeking something; the old man leaned over the younger.

"Jervis," he said, in a hesitating whisper, "forgive me, and come home."

The answer did not come immediately. Weak and bewildered, it was difficult for the moment to frame the words he wished.

And before they were spoken, some one else was kneeling beside him; two soft arms were clasped about his neck, tender kisses were pressed upon the close cropped curls; he could feel the quickened beats of the heart so near his own.

"Ah, come back, Jervis," she sobbed, and he felt her tears upon his cheek, "come back. We are breaking our hearts for you!"

He did not move, but rested silently in her soft embrace, recognizing dimly the beauty and harmony of life, for the moment fearless of the future.

Then, "Do not be afraid," he said gently, "I am going home;" and added with a tender little smile, "I do not think that after all I am very anxious to stay away."

EXTREMES OF HUMANITY.

IT HAS ALWAYS been a matter for discussion whether there ever existed, or still exist, any nations who may absolutely come under the terms of Giants and Dwarfs.

In many ancient writings are mentioned various races of Pygmies as inhabiting the cold northern climes of Scythia, or the tropical deserts of Libya and Asia Minor. Herodotus also speaks of a race of little men of inky-black complexion who inhabited a large city on a river which flowed from west to east of Libya, and swarmed with horrible crocodiles.

Ctesias, another Greek traveller, a contemporary of Xenophon, states that he saw in Central India a race of Pygmies only two feet in stature; they inhabited a province in which the animals were proportionately small, the sheep being no larger than new-born lambs, and the horses, cattle, asses, and mules no larger than a ram.

Aristotle mentions likewise a nation of dwarfs, and places them in Central Africa; whereas Pliny gives Thrace as their original cradle.

Ptolemy in his History talks of a "little people" called the Pechinians, whom he describes as inhabiting a large portion of the eastern frontiers of Ethiopia.

In later times, an English sailor, Andrew Battel, who was taken prisoner by the Portuguese in 1588, and carried into Congo, relates in his book called *Strange Adventures* that he met with a nation of dwarfs called the "Matimbas."

A Dutch traveller, Oliver Dapper, also describes a little nation of elephant hunters, called the Mimos or Bakke-Bakkes, whom he found in 1686 inhabiting a district near the Congo River, called the kingdom of Macoco.

One of the latest travellers who make mention of a dwarf nation is M. du Chaillu, who in 1860 speaks of a strange people, of wild and timid habits, whom he found inhabiting a large tract of land in the country of Ashango; they were styled Ovongos by their neighbors the Ashoungos, but they neither intermarried with nor cultivated the ground of the nation amongst whom they lived.

The Ovongos were negroes of hideous aspect and yellow complexion, and measured about four feet five inches in height.

As regards giants, primitive traditions are as full of accounts of men of enormous stature as they are of dwarfs.

The poets and historians of antiquity aver that the human race did not begin to deteriorate till the time of Homer; sculptures exist, and are now preserved in the British Museum, of the frieze of the temple of Athena Pollas at Priene—one of the twelve Ionian cities of Asia Minor—representing a combat between men and giants; and similar ones are to be seen in the temples of Selinonte, Argos, Agrigento, Athens, and Pergamus.

Pliny says that on the occasion of a terrible earthquake in Italy, a fissure opened, revealing the skeleton of a man embedded upright in the earth, measuring about twenty-six feet in height!

Plutarch goes further; he declares that a skeleton was found by Sertorius at Tangier in Mauritania, measuring about forty feet; and Phlegon of Lydia, in his Treatise on Wonders, says that there were discovered in the Cimmerian Bosporus and in Africa a vast number of skeletons averaging between twelve and fifteen feet in stature.

The traveller Magellan recounts in his Travels, written in 1520, that in latitude thirty-four degrees, near the mouth of the Plata River, he met with a gigantic tribe of Patagonians.

He says that he measured many of them, and that they exceeded seven and often nine feet in height.

But whether it is that the race is degenerating, or that Magellan exaggerated his measurements, it is certain that they do not at the present day exceed seven feet, and their normal height is about six and a half feet; the women being quite as tall, and as powerfully proportioned as the men.

At all times and in all centuries, kings and nobles had a fancy for including amongst their retainers either a giant or a dwarf, sometimes both.

Frederick the Great had his corps of gigantic grenadiers; and in the Tower of London may be seen a lance and some enormous armor of the sixteenth-century work, which doubtless belonged to some giant knight or trooper of the king's bodyguard.

James I. had attached to his person a porter named Walter Parsons, commonly called the Staffordshire giant, a handsome, brave, and strong young man, who had begun life as a farrier.

His height was seven feet seven inches, and his portrait exists, engraved by Glover. Parsons lived on into the reign of Charles I., and was succeeded in his office by another giant, William Evans, who was two inches taller than his predecessor.

Cromwell also had a valet named Daniel, who was seven feet six inches in height, but of weak intellect. He unfortunately ended his days in Bedlam, having become possessed with the idea that he had been sent on the earth to prophesy coming events.

Contemporary with Daniel lived Anthony Payne, a handsome and clever young farmer in Cornwall, a tenant of Sir Beville Granville at Stowe.

He was remarkable for his wit as for his strength and stature, which exceeded seven feet. This country has always been as famous for its big men as is Yorkshire; and to this day the proverb exists, "As long as Tony Payne's foot."

After a career of many vicissitudes and long military service in the Stuart cause, Anthony Payne died at a good old age, and was buried in a vault in Stratton Church.

But no giant ever created such a furore as did Charles Byrne, the Irish giant, who was eight feet eight inches in height, and possessed of enormous strength.

He was clever and shrewed, and full of the natural wit of his mother-country; but unfortunately the large fortune he rapidly gained by the exhibition of himself led him into habits of gluttony and intemperance, and he died at the early age of two-and-twenty.

Of giantesses, Miss Scott and Pauline Marie Elizabeth Wedde are the only colossal ladies who have astonished the eyes of the sight-seeing world.

The latter, was called the Queen of the Amazons. She was good-looking, and of a handsome, well-proportioned figure, and measured about eight feet four inches in height.

It is a curious fact that giants rarely exceed the age of forty or forty-five, and few amongst them ever shows signs of much intellectual capacity.

They are as a rule good-tempered, indolent, and placid; their opposite extremes, the dwarfs, being irritable, active, clever, and ill-tempered.

Dwarfs may be divided into two sections, firstly, those who are born so, and remain dwarfs all their lives from childhood till maturity; and secondly those who become dwarfs from some accident in the early months or years of childhood.

It is a strange fact that the length of life of dwarfs seems to be in proportion to their size and stamina; they arrive at maturity quicker than a normal human being, and age quicker.

We read of this in the case of the famous English dwarf Hopkins, who lived about 1751. At fifteen years old he measured two feet seven inches in height, and weighed only thirty pounds.

Up to this age he had the appearance of a fresh smooth skinned youth; but suddenly an extraordinary semblance of the most decrepit old age began to creep upon him.

He became bent, crooked, and torn with an asthmatic cough; sight and hearing began to fail, and his teeth to drop out or decay.

So attenuated and feeble did he become, that he could not walk without a stick, and presented all the appearance of a withered and aged man.

Before these signs of decay came upon him his weight had been nineteen pounds; but now he lost nearly six pounds, and visibly shrank, till he died in about a year from sheer decrepitude and old age. His parents were fine tall healthy people, and there had been no previous member of his family who showed a similar abnormal condition.

He died on the 19th of March 1734, aged seventeen years.

Although dwarfs generally attain a greater age than giants, still they rarely pass threescore and ten. There are, however, two notable exceptions to this rule, in the persons of Amias Clowes, the famous Matlock dwarf, who died at that place in 1784, at the ripe age of one hundred and three, his height being three feet and a half. He had caused to be built for himself a little house eight feet square, furnished with articles suitable to his size.

The other instance was that of Peter the Great's favorite and dwarf, a woman he called Poupee, whose height was that of a child of six.

She was remarkably pretty, lively, and clever, and the emperor had an extraordinary affection for her. She lived to pass the age of one hundred years without ever having suffered from any illness or infirmity.

In our own times, no dwarf has created more sensation than Charles S. Stratton, commonly known as "General Tom Thumb."

COUNTING THE STITCHES.—In the olden time, when sewing machines were not even dreamt of, to make even a single shirt was a laborious undertaking. What man in those days ever thought of the number of stitches in a shirt without trembling lest a general mutiny amongst women might leave him "without a shirt to his back."

In 1825, a lady sent to Hone's "Every Day Book" a calculation, "furnished me," she says, "by a maiden aunt, of the number of stitches in a plain shirt she made for her grandfather." Here it is:

Stitching the collar, four rows,	3,080
Sewing the ends,	500
Button-holes and sewing on buttons,	500
Sewing on the collar and gathering the neck,	1,204
Stitching the wristbands,	1,228
Sewing the ends,	68
Button-holes,	148
Hemming the slits	264
Gathering the sleeves,	840
Setting on wristbands,	1,468
Stitching shoulder-straps, three rows each,	1 880
Hemming the neck,	390
Sewing the sleeves,	2 554
Setting in sleeves and gussets,	3 050
Taping the sleeves,	1,525
Sewing the seams,	841
Setting side gussets,	423
Hemming the bottom,	1 104
Total number of stitches,	20,046

A CLOTHIER has excited public curiosity by having a very large apple painted on his sign. When asked for an explanation he replied, "If it hadn't been for an apple where would the ready-made clothing shops be to day?"

Scientific and Useful.

TO CLEANSE BRONZE.—Let the ornaments be gently washed with soap and water, applied with a sponge, then rinse them in beer. Do not wipe it off, or rub the ornaments at all, but place them in a warm room at a little distance from the fire, until they are quite dry. Use very little soap.

JAPANNED WARE.—To clean such japanned articles as tea-trays, bread pans, and candlesticks, hot water should not be employed, as it will crack the varnish; lukewarm water will answer the purpose without doing harm, and will suffice to melt any grease spots, so as to be easily removed with a cloth. Should any smear appear, sprinkle with a little flour, and wipe clean.

SAVINGS BANK.—A Liverpool man has invented an automatic savings bank. When a penny or two half-pennies are pressed into the automatic bank the depositor pulls out a drawer and finds a printed ticket bearing a number in duplicate. He writes his name and address on the ticket, which he then presses into a cavity in the machine made to receive it, keeping the other half as his deposit slip.

HOUSE NUMBERS.—In parts of Brooklyn the excellent custom has been adopted of placing on street lamps the numbers of the houses nearest to which they stand. This is a great convenience to people who are searching for a certain number in the dark of an evening, since the general methods of displaying house numbers are far from satisfactory. The idea is not new, having been adopted in New York at least ten years ago.

MOUSE-TRAPS.—When a proper mouse-trap is not at hand, one which will be found equally efficacious may be made of a meat-plate and a basin just large enough to fit within its rim. There are two ways of setting—one by screwing the bait upon the point of a small gimlet, and allowing the rim of the basin to rest upon its handle, and the other by wedging the bait tightly into the bowl of a tobacco pipe or thimble, and placing in the same manner.

Farm and Garden.

DIRECT FROM MILK.—It is reported that the Swedes have invented a centrifugal machine that churns butter directly from milk instead of separating the cream. If true, the invention will be a very important one, as it will entirely revolutionize dairy methods.

THE BEST PART.—The rich black liquid that flows off from the barn-yard contains the wealth of the farm. Use absorbent material, and save it. The loss of liquid manure is great, and if saved would not only add fertilising matter to the farm but increase the value of the solids.

THE FOWLS.—On damp days the fowls will sometimes look sickly and drawn up, showing no disposition to activity. At such time they should receive a warm feeding three times a day, into which a little melted tallow has been poured. Corn makes good feeding on cold, damp days.

THE DROPPINGS.—Get a hogshead and use it for storing the poultry droppings. By next spring it will be found that several hogsheads have been saved if the flock is large. The quantity of manure made by poultry cannot be estimated until the experiment of attempting to save it is made, when those who have not done so before will be surprised at the large quantity derived, which will not include that which is lost on the range.

A MANUAL CORN-THRESHER.—A manual thresher for corn, flax, and other seeds, which can be worked by women and lads, without any aid from steam, has recently been introduced. The thresher is of simple construction, and will thresh damp or short grain as well as dry and long. It deals simply with the ears, not injuring the straw, which ties up clean and tight. With such a machine, which is of moderate price, a farmer is independent of steam threshers, and can thresh when he likes.

STABLES AND STALLS.—The stables and stalls should be cleaned early in the morning, which exposes the floors to the air, thus aiding in the purification. A properly cleaned stable is one that permits persons to walk within without liability of coming in contact with filth of any kind. Even the odors should not be detected. To do this may require more work than some are willing to bestow, but good dairying is at the expense of labor, and it should be daily performed if choice butter is to be produced and the highest prices obtained.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY 1, 1890.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," which we have described in former issues, or the two splendid companion photo gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy-toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the Two Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

Comfort and Quiet.

The dweller in a great city—and to a lesser decree in any of our large towns—has to put up with many annoyances; some of a kind which cannot be prevented, others which are certainly capable of being minimized; and amongst these latter there is none more aggravating, none more harmful than noise.

Few realize what noise really means and implies—a disturbance not merely of the ears, but of the brain and nerves, is involved by the continual rattle and roar with which we are surrounded; and physicians tell us that nervous ailments are frequently produced—more frequently rendered doubly severe—by the continued tension thus called into existence.

It is only for a few hours in the dead of night that the city man is free from noise of one kind or another. In the small hours of the morning the rumble of carts and wagons, on their way to the early markets, commences.

A story is told that, in the olden days, every one in the world agreed to shout at the same moment, so that it might be found how great a noise could be produced.

The eventful moment arrived, and was marked by a silence such as the world had never known before, nor ever will again. Every one had listened to hear the rest of the world shout; and for once quiet reigned supreme.

The railway-whistle fiend is perhaps responsible for the most aggravating form of noise that goes to swell the general uproar of the metropolis.

Those who are fated to live where the whirr and rattle of trains are within audible distance, find them quite sufficient to try the strongest nerves. But this is not the view which the engineer takes of the case.

At all hours of the day and night he springs the shrill blast of his steam-whistle upon the ears of a long-suffering public; and however accustomed one may become to other noises, this is one which never loses any of its horrors.

The abuse has been the cause of lengthy correspondence in influential journals; but it seems perennial, and will probably never be put an end to until some of the directors of the line are made to live where they are exposed to the torture which their men inflict upon others.

The noise made by children is twice as noticeable in town as in the country. A merry, shouting, laughing gang racing wildly down the road, is, in the country, a pleasant indication of the health and happiness of the little ones; in town, it comes as an addition to the already far too numerous distressing sounds, and makes us wonder whether there was ever a time when we, too, knew not the meaning of the word nerves.

It is, of course, hopeless and foolish to expect that the city should ever be as free from noise as the country. Part of the penalty of living in a large centre of population, is the participation in those noises that must exist if life is to be carried on within its boundaries.

These complaints may have a comic side to some people; but to thousands of others they are very real, and it is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of lives have been shortened, while hundreds are daily made miserable by wholly unnecessary noise.

In the barbarous olden days, a favorite kind of torture was to roll heavy cannon-balls about the floor of the room over one in which the person was to be tortured was confined.

The din produced had the effect of entirely banishing "tired nature's sweet restorer" from the eyes of this hapless mortal, and sooner or later, the want of quiet, and consequent rest, deprived him of life or reason.

This torture has not been left behind like the rack and the thumb screws, but still claims its victims.

The weary brain is kept on the alert by the rattle of vehicles long after it ought to have passed into a state of obliviousness, and when the disturbance dies away, is roused again long before the amount of rest necessary to recuperate it and fit it for another day's work has been obtained.

Even when the brief lull which occurs in the course of every twenty-four hours does take place, the mischief that has been done continues, and the sleep that comes is restless and broken.

Many people pride themselves upon the fact that they can sleep in spite of the noise of the wheels which dash along the streets outside; but they do not consider that, though they may be asleep, the sensitive tympanum of the ear still receives the impressions the sound-waves convey to it, and passes them on to the brain.

This unconscious hearing of sounds while asleep is the reason of the feeling of unrest that is so often experienced after a sleep that may have been of even more than the requisite duration.

Every city man has noticed the comparatively invigorating effects of a night's rest in the country or sea-shore, and has probably put it down to fresh air and freedom from the cares of business. But a more important factor than these has been the absence of noise—and the consequent rest that his brain has been allowed.

We have already said that it is useless to expect in town the quiet that is so great a charm to the country or sea; but while we grant that a certain amount of noise is a necessary evil in a city, we ask, Why should there be so much of it? If every one could be brought to recognise that they have no greater right to inflict an unnecessary noise upon a fellow-creature than to deal him a blow, a far pleasanter, happier, and healthier state of life would be possible in busy towns than is the case now.

IT is a graceful habit for children to say to each other, "Will you have the good nessa?" and "I thank you." We do not like to see prim artificial children; there are few things we dislike so much as a miniature beau or belle. But the habit of good manners by no means implies affectation or restraint. It is quite as easy to say, "Please give me a piece of pie," as to say, "I want a piece of pie." The idea that constant politeness would render social life too stiff and restrained, springs from a false estimate of politeness. True politeness is perfect ease and freedom. It simply consists in treating others just as you would like to be treated yourself.

MEN who isolate themselves from society, and have no near and family ties, are the most uncomfortable of human beings. Byron says, "Happiness was born a twin;" but the phrase, though pretty and poetic, does not go far enough. We are gregarious, and not intended to march through life either in double or in single file. The man who cares for nobody, and for whom nobody cares, has nothing to live for that will pay for the trouble of keeping body and soul together. You must have a heap of embers to make a glowing fire. Scatter them apart, and they become dim and cold. So to have a brisk, vigorous life, you must have a group of lives.

THERE is not such a mighty difference as some may imagine between the poor and the rich. In pomp, show, and opinion, there is a great deal, but little as to the pleasures and conveniences of life. They enjoy the same earth, and air, and Heaven; hunger and thirst make the poor man's meat and drink as pleasant and relishing as all the varieties which cover a rich man's table; and the labor of a poor man in more healthful, and many times more pleasant, too, than the ease and luxury of the rich.

THERE is a perennial nobleness and even sacredness in work. Work he never so benighted, forgetful of his high calling, there is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works; in idleness alone there is perpetual despair. Work, never so Mammonish, or mean, is in communication with Nature; the real desire to get work done will itself lead one more and more to truth—to Nature's appointments and regulations, which are truth. The latest Gospel in this world is know thy work, and do it.

BE true to your own highest convictions. Intimations from our own souls, of something more perfect than others teach, if faithfully followed, give a consciousness of spiritual force and progress never experienced by the vulgar of high life or low life, who march along as they are drilled, to the step of their tunes.

THE pleasures of the world are deceitful; they promise more than they give. They trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them.

WHAT is done from habit is done without reflection and without recollection. This explains why we are so little able to give the reasons for our past career, or to revive a remembrance of its incidents.

NEVER suffer your children to require service from others which they can perform themselves. A strict observance of the rule will be of incalculable advantage to them in every period of life.

BOYS that are philosophers at six years of age are generally block-heads at twenty-one. By forcing children, you get so much into their heads, that they become cracked in order to hold it.

THE great secret of happiness is to be on good terms with one's self. As all external troubles throw us back upon ourselves, it is pleasant to find there a comfortable retreat.

'TIS a sad thing when men have neither heart enough to speak well nor judgment enough to hold their tongue; this is the foundation of all impertinence.

HE who thinks he can do without others is greatly mistaken; and he who thinks others cannot do without him is still more grievously in error.

WITHOUT courage there cannot be truth, and without truth there can be no other virtue.

The World's Happenings.

In America there is a post office for every 1023 persons.

There are 45 veterans of the late war in the Iowa Legislature.

Square glass boxes, bound with ribbons, are something new to hold candy.

A New York lady had recently on her dinner table 180 orchids that cost $1.50 each.

A sponge eight feet in circumference is on exhibition in a store in William street, New York city.

Lager beer is beer that has been laid down to ripen. The word "lager" literally means a stand for casks.

Professor Carnelly, of Aberdeen, says that since 1870 the average duration of human life has increased by five years.

A district school in Vermont has five pupils, brothers and sisters, their mother is teacher; their father is the whole School Committee.

The Supreme Court of Massachusetts has ruled that a man who is injured in a railroad accident while riding on a pass cannot recover damages.

The School Board of Albany, N. Y., has authorized the hiring of a carry-all in order to bring children living on the outskirts of the city to the nearest public school.

An eccentric old German in Wisconsin recently went to Milwaukee and chartered a street car for his exclusive use. He rode all over the line and would not permit any one to get in the car with him.

A Missouri tramp who was at the end of his rope gave himself up as a murderer wanted in Maine, and he thus got five months of food and shelter and lionizing before it was ascertained that he had never been as far East as Chicago in his life.

A determined terrier in Baltimore followed a rat down an inlet and into the sewer. He lost his intended victim, though, and had to remain in the sewer until the next day, when he was rescued more dead than alive.

A Lansing, Mich., man made his wife happy on Christmas by giving her a billiard table, but the good woman was enough for him. She hunted up the handsomest tea set in Michigan, and made a present of it to her husband.

A Raleigh, N. C., special says: "The youngest couple ever married in this State have just been joined together in Davis county. The groom is John Richmer, aged 13; the bride, Essie Westmire, aged 11 years and 6 months. Strange to say, the parents assented.

An audience in an Indian village in Michigan, becoming disgusted at the lameness of a theatrical performance, chased the actors out of the theatre and organized a dance. The orchestra, who were not a little scared, consented, without any coaxing, to provide the music.

Excavations in Rome show that the ancient plumbers of the Eternal City were obliged to be very particular with their work. There have been unearthed great quantities of lead water-pipe, each plainly stamped with the name of the owner of the house, the year of the plumbing, etc.

The biggest edible oysters in the world, according to a current paragraph, are found at Port Lincoln, South Australia. They are as large as a dinner-plate, and the same shape. They are sometimes a foot across the shell, and the oyster fits his shell so well that he leaves little margin.

One of the fire department horses at Ann Arbor, Mich., during a recent cold spell showed himself a very tame animal. Every time an alarm was rung in he would stagger to his feet, and make a feeble but determined effort to reach his engine, until his strength gave out and he fell exhausted.

Rev John W. Farnham, the minister of the colored Methodist church at Charlotte, N. C., wears a boot the size of which is 35½, which necessitates a sole 20 inches in length and 7 inches broad. The preacher stands 6 feet 10 inches in his stockings, and weighs 419 pounds when stripped of his impediments.

Brave Kate Shelley, the Iowa girl, who, at the age of 16, saved a train load of people on July 6, 1881, by crossing over an iron bridge on her hands and knees in a tempest to give warning of another bridge's destruction, has tried to support her family by teaching, but they are destitute. Now she is in need of help.

A large tramp dog has created a sensation at Derby, Conn., by wading out in a mill stream until nothing but its head is uncovered, and then acting up a howl which it keeps up for two or three hours. The animal evidently takes pleasure in the proceeding, for it has repeated it every afternoon for nearly a week.

Doc Evans, of the Ord ranch, near Gurdley, Col., wanted to tie a hog. There was neither rope nor wire at hand, but a Chinese boy connected with the place offered his queue. The offer was accepted, the queue cut off, and the hogs legs tied together with it. The little heathen has been anxious to have his queue back.

In a small town in Connecticut a minister closed his sermon the other day with these words: We would be pleased, moreover, to have the young man who is now standing outside the door come in and make certain whether she is here or not. That would be a great deal better than opening the door half an inch and exposing the people in the last row of seats to a draught."

Dr S. W. Sanford, of Henning, Tenn., reports the case of a physician to whom a man with a cut-off finger came, bringing the finger. The doctor was drunk when he sewed the finger on. It united nicely. But the doctor sewed it on with the palm surface turned the wrong way. The doctor after sobering up, wanted to amputate the finger and put it back right, but the patient declined.

According to a dispatch from Vienna "the star of Bethlehem will again be visible this year, which will make its seventh appearance since the birth of Christ. It comes once in 315 years, and is of wondrous brilliance for the space of three weeks, then it wanes, and disappears after 17 months. It will be a sixth star added to the five fixed stars in the constellation Cassiopeia while it remains in sight."

A MAGNET.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Lands cannot sever us, dearest,
Seas cannot keep us apart,
For lo! at all times, in all places,
The heart ever leaps to the heart.

Our souls hold a subtle communion,
For such is love's magic, I ween,
That each to the other grows closer,
Tho' leagues and leagues intervene.

The magnet of spirit attraction
The master of time is, and space:
By means of it we are as near, love,
As tho' we were face to face.

Cousin Dan.

BY H. ST. JOHN.

MR. CYPRIAN HAY'S marriage had been distinctly a romantic one in a quiet sort of a way. At least it was sufficiently entangled with circumstances slightly out of the common course of events to make it appear romantic to the principal parties concerned, whatever might think outsiders, who only saw a bachelor of forty, with hair getting thin and greyish about the temples, taking to wife a lady who neither was nor pretended to be any longer in her first youth. However, to explain.

Herein lay the romance.

It was twelve long years before the time we write of that pretty Madge Grimthorpe and Cyprian Hay had fallen deeperately in love with each other.

He a fine young fellow in a rich merchant uncle's office, she a charming girl of twenty, so well bred and winsome that the fact of her being only the daughter of a suburban parson who had little chance of preferment, and her face being her only fortune, seemed really of very little consequence.

Young Hay would have enough for both presently. Madge was undisputed belle of their circle. They made a splendid couple. Congratulations filled the air, and people prophesied the wedding would be soon.

But——

When all the world was extolling young Hay's good sense and Miss Madge's good luck it forgot—or possibly never exactly realized the existence of—two serious stumbling blocks on this seemingly well-cleared high road to happiness.

Mr. Cyprian Hay's love bore a fatal mark of sincerity. He was jealous!

Miss Madge Grimthorpe was high-spirited to a pronounced degree. Some folks called her too independent.

Thus then it befell our betrothed pair.

At a friend's reception, when their engagement was about three months' old, a stranger, a dashing young naval officer, hovered in confidentially close attendance on the bewitching fiancee, carrying his attention to a point which Mr. Hay considered encroachment on his own privileges.

He told Madge as much when they met next day, and the gleam of audacious fun with which she received his scolding added fuel to the fire of his wrath. So he crystallized his emotions in two unlucky sentences:

"You flirted with the man abominably. Remember in future I don't allow that sort of thing."

Then the laughter died out of Miss Grimthorpe's hazel-grey eyes. Her pink cheeks—and she had such a complexion in those days—turned pale, and the dimple close to the left-hand corner of her lips disappeared like summer lightning.

Up rose her slim figure as erect as her father's church steeple, with:

"Flirtation, Cyprian, is what I permit no man to accuse me of. And I beg to say you are not in the position to 'allow' or not 'allow' anything I choose to do."

To which he answered hotly:

"It appears to me, Miss Grimthorpe, that common respect for yourself, to say nothing of any respect for such an accident as myself, might have suggested your putting some decent bounds to the encouragement you gave that fellow last night."

And she returned crimsoning deeply:

"Kindly remember, Mr. Hay, that the 'fellow' is an old friend and a family connection. I cannot 'allow' him to be spoken of in such terms."

He, enraged:

"You expect me, perhaps, to share your unblushing pleasure in his attentions!"

She, ironically:

"I really don't see why you shouldn't."

"And to chum with him! And let him run loose about you like a tame cat!"

"Certainly, that would be pleasant for us all!"

"Oh, very much so, indeed! Charmingly pleasant! Consumedly pleasant! But not the sort of pleasantness for me, Madge! I can't stand this sort of thing. If you and I are to keep—as we are, you must promise never to have anything to say to this man again. Will you promise?"

"No," emphatically, "I will not, for"—drawing a long quivering breath—"I cannot stand this sort of thing either."

"Then, Miss Grimthorpe, as there appears very little prospect of our agreeing, it would be better, perhaps, for us to part finally while we are yet able to do so."

"Oh, much better, Mr. Hay. It is time for me to go to church with papa now" (this pretty quarrel took place on the Holy Sabbath of all days!), "so I wish you," with three finger tips and an elegant courtesy, "good evening."

He bowed over those finger-tips as politely as if he were not literally consuming with rage, then walked out of the house and down the street with his head well up.

She watched him from the window furtively, blinking rather. He spent the rest of that night shaking his anger with brandy and sodas (his first and last outburst of that kind;) and very bad indeed he felt after it.

She, when certain he was not coming back, ran off—not to church, but to bury her head under two pillows and cry like a baby, and then lie wondering for hours whether she ought to write to him first tomorrow, or he to her.

He went wretched but inflexible to his office next morning. There found his uncle fuming over news from Ceylon. An agent had gone wrong. One of the family or firm must go out.

Still madly jealous, Mr. Cyprian volunteered for the post. Nobody wanted him in England. At least she didn't. The rest of the world didn't count. She loved him not. She would forget him! In twelve hours he was off; just when Madge was beginning to feel rather sick with listening for his familiar knock so long, and was compounding with her pride as to the best and quickest way of making it all up.

But that chance was not to be hers, and as yet, poor girl, the first flie only of her misfortunes had come upon her. The rest of the battalion followed fast.]

Before it was well known that Madge Grimthorpe had lost her lover, the still graver news spread that she had lost her father.

When the Rector of St. Stephen's died, then his main income died too. His children were left upon the world with about five pounds ten a year each.

The only refuge open to Madge from downright charity was in the home of an old and ailing relative, who took care to explain that her chief means were an annuity; so the Rev. J. Grimthorpe's daughter must expect neither luxuries nor legacy if she became her half nurse, half companion.

It was a gruesome change, but at any rate she could earn her salt by it. So in the old invalid's Herefordshire home the girl's young life was hid away.

The pretty roses of her cheeks faded with time. Surely the tears of all her troubles drowned them, Cyprian had forgotten or had never loved her!

For twelve long, long years her days went by—busy, placid, joyless. Then——

A gentleman stood by the door of a room where people were dancing one evening, looking with amusement on the changes of dress and fashion since he had left England long ago.

These were not altogether to his taste. The girls were more bare than they used to be, he thought, and that showed no improvement in social tone. He said as much to his hostess who came to chide him for not waltzing.

"And they can't converse," he grumbled on; "they only seem to simper and giggle and so forth nowadays."

"Then come," said his friend, "and be introduced to one of a different school. The school of adversity, one might say," chatting on as they crossed the room, "for she has had trials enough, I should think. She tended a fractious old relative for years, and is only just released from that labor. I had much ado to make her come among us to-night, but she is such a favorite of mine, I would have my way and brighten her up for once. She neither simpers nor giggles, no 'so-forths,' I promise you. Miss Grimthorpe, may I introduce Mr. Hay?"

A figure most graceful still turned towards him. A well remembered head with its rich crown of nut-brown braids was raised in startled questioning.

Was it the lights of the room, or what, seemed to dazzle them both? One moment only they looked into each other's eyes, but in that brief glance they read——

Well, that both had loved truly. That neither had forgotten!

They got through the explanation all in about five minutes up a half-curtained corner, and Madge heard how Cyprian had written once a year after he had left, and how the letter was returned with "not known" across the address.

And they told each other how in a steady dull sort of way they had been miserable asunder, and had never once dreamt of caring for any one else. And Madge's color came flattering back to her face. Her eyes were softer, brighter, tenderer than ever.

Clad in simple black, with a bunch of old-fashioned red roses where her dress just showed her shapely white neck, there wasn't a woman in the room to compare with her to her mature lover's mind.

Foolish, wicked though they had been to part, the delight of reunion was so intense it almost stoned for all. Before he took her out of that glorified corner he heard with keen satisfaction that she was now alone, homeless again. So——

"There's nothing to stop our being happy as fast as we please," he declared. And as he was strictly correct, the wedding-day was fixed forthwith.

They were married from that very house within a month. They felt themselves rejuvenating every hour as they honeymooned among the Swiss Lakes.

And they promised each other when they came back to "Hill House," at Surbiton, that they were going to live happy evermore.

And at first a very fair prospect they seemed to have of keeping their word. But their first wedded year was scarcely over when this halcyon state of affairs was threatened by something which much have a chapter to itself.

It was so very, very strange!

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Mr. Hay's return to England had been a prelude to his stepping into the excellent position of head of his City firm.

This carried with it such affluence that the home at Surbiton went short of no reasonable comfort or luxury that money could supply. Everything indeed that the heart of Madame Madge could desire, it seemed to be the delight of her husband to lavish on her

The tastes her long probation of poverty had repressed now woke up afresh, and were proudly fostered by her indulgent partner.

Her drawing-room was what an enthusiastic caller dubbed "a poem." None of your wholesale upholstering and furnishing from catalogues, but every single article well considered and chosen by herself, from the deep dark velvet lounges to the tiniest bit of crockery upon the walls.

Her little morning room, if less pretty, was even costlier, for Mr. Hay had insisted on surrounding her there with every expensive ornament she happened to admire. Her funds for dress, for amusement, for charity, were—what seemed to her who had known the want of a shilling—almost unlimited.

If she had a wish ungratified it was through no fault of her devoted spouse. So most certainly she ought to have been completely and entirely happy.

And yet as a wily serpent found its way to Paradise, so did a little evil spirit penetrate this charming home!

The moment of its ill-omened advent was difficult to fix on. For some weeks it seemed vaguely to pervade the air rather than take definite shape.

But its influence was here, there and everywhere. It was always cropping up when least expected. For instance——

No wife in the wide suburbs of all London was at first more punctual than Madge in watching for her lord and master's return by the afternoon train. Her greeting was always glad and ready and everything that it ought to be till just about this time.

But now instead of waiting for him in the bow-window, she would come hurrying, at the sound of his latch key, from her own little sanctum.

Occasionally even she would not be forthcoming till Mr. Hay loudly inquired for her. Then she would hasten to him, confused and perhaps reddening.

This was odd!

Once going quietly in—no face at the window that day!—he had distinctly heard his wife's voice speaking aloud in her room.

He made for the apartment. The door was bolted within. Before she opened it to his tap he could have sworn he heard the French window of the garden creak.

That was odder!

He asked her jocosely if she was chatting with ghosts or holding a seance with spirits, and she bent her head—that shapely head he was so proud of—over the orchid in his button hole—he always brought her home a button-hole, which she wore for dinner—and she said she was "only—only—reading out loud." Of course his Madge was the soul truth, but——

It sounded curious!

Then she grew distraite. The hours Mr. Hay spent home he liked his wife to devote herself and her thoughts to him exclusively.

Nowadays she often appeared to share them with something or—confound the notion—with some one else.

She went into reveries when he was telling her news. She gave him wrong answers to his questions and sometimes none at all.

That was provoking!

"Upon my word, Madge," he exclaimed one evening, throwing down his newspaper in a pet, when he had been reading her a lively account of a new operetta, and for response she had looked at him with dreamy eyes and said slowly, "it is a very awkward situation,"—"upon my word I should like to know what your wits are wool gathering about! I believe you are getting tired of me!"

But he was sorry to have spoken so brutally, when his wife, with pain in her eyes, came to his side and called herself stupid, and said she had only rather a headache, and "Tired of him! How could he be so cruel? He, who was everything to her!"

So that was satisfactory, and for a week or two the element of unease faded into its minimum. Then it waxed stronger again.

Mr. Hay had secured tickets for one of the last good concerts of the season. He wished his wife to meet him in Piccadilly at three o'clock, and instead of being delighted with the arrangement Madge demurred at it with the same singular air of confusion or fear her husband had often noticed her wearing of late.

"I'm afraid, dear," she stammered, "I can hardly manage it. I haven't time."

"What!" cried Mr. Hay, part laughing, part aggrieved. "Why I didn't know you'd anything on earth to do except order dinner and amuse yourself. I should think those dudes will surely leave you time to come and listen to Sarasate."

"I should like it, of course," said Mrs. Hay hurriedly, "and if I had known before I could—I mean—oh, well, as you've been so good and got the tickets I must come; only good-bye now, Cyprian dear. Don't keep me. I'm rather busy."

Busy! What about? he wondered. The highly intelligent and very superior parlormaid was passing through the hall as he took up his hat and gloves.

The house had four well-paid servants. These ought not to leave the mistress much to do.

"I hope, Walker," he observed, "you don't allow your mistress to tire herself over anything while I am away."

"Oh dear no, sir," said Walker, "I attend to everything Mrs. Hay orders. I never leave her a thing to see after if I know it."

Queer! That didn't tally with what his wife said. The contradiction of the two statements worried Mr. Hay at his office all the morning. And it worried him too at the concert in the afternoon, though his Madge, in high spirits and in capital time, met him there and appeared to enjoy the entertainment thoroughly.

However, all through the evening afterwards she was in such delightful domestic form that whatever she said or did must be right, and Mr. Hay's restlessness underwent another lull.

It was stirred up violently again a few days later.

Madge's headaches had been troubling her again, or something that made her seem very weary of an evening. Mr. Cyprian lay awake pondering over her paleness.

"I think, my dear," he said next morning—a fine September one—at breakfast; "you can't get out enough while I'm in the city. You look as if you want more air. Now did you get a walk yesterday?"

"Oh, yes, Cyprian, thanks. Let me give you some more coffee."

"Half a cup only. Ah, but I mean a good constitutional. Now tell me exactly where you went."

"Oh, to a sh——to see——oh, quite a nice long way, really."

"Ah, but where?"

"Why, as far as I wanted, Cyp," with playfulness real or assumed, "so don't ask any more questions. Look, it's nearly nine."

So it might be. But Mr. Hay didn't feel cheerful enough to go off to the train with his usual briskness. Why couldn't his wife say plainly where she had been?

"So you won't tell me, eh?" he said, getting up with a slight frown.

"Cyprian, you worry me," said Madge, rising too. 'Oh dear!" sweeping her hand over her forehead, "I believe I'm going to have neuralgia."

"I tell you what it is," said her husband, smitten with sudden compunction, "you want a change. Well, just pack up our trunks to-day. We'll take a holiday and run over to Paris to-morrow and keep my birthday there on Thursday. Shall we, eh?"

'Oh, no, please don't," she answered quickly, "I would much rather be at home. I must be at home. Later on you can go out if you wish."

"My dear, it's for you entirely I want the expedition."

"Then don't mention it," entreatingly. "I don't want it in the least. Why don't you—nervously toying with a gloxonia on the middle of the breakfast table—"why don't you stop at home this autumn and—and furnish that little smoking-room up stairs—or something or other with the money?"

"Because, darling, I can do without the room at present. Anything does for my tag-rag and bobtail from abroad. My whims can wait till I see you looking yourself. So just change your mind about Paris."

"No, Cyprian, I won't," very positively, "and now really you must be off."

There was something unusual—was it petulance? in her voice. Why, her temper had always seemed to him just perfect. Mr. Hay accosted Walker in the hall again.

"Be sure you change those library books this morning. Your mistress may feel dull if you don't get her plenty of fresh reading."

Walker gave a suppressed smile.

"I'll see and change them, sir. But I don't think mistress is dull."

"I'm glad of it. But," with bland confidence, "of course she is lonely while I'm in town."

"Oh, no, sir, not always," handing him his gloves. "There's lots of callers come."

"Ah, yes, to be sure, on Mondays. But other days, I mean."

"Oh, other days, sir, there's often people here. There was several in and out yesterday. And Mrs. Holland to lunch, and," handing his stick, "a gentleman in the afternoon."

"A gentleman in the afternoon!"

He was quite equipped and his foot on the doorstep now. Honor forbade his stopping—his stopping to investigate this information of the maidservants.

Mrs. Holland, a near neighbor, was often in, he knew. Her lunching with Madge was nothing unusual. Other people in and out during the morning might mean dress makers, milliners, anybodies.

But "a gentleman in the afternoon!" Who was he? What had he come for? Why hadn't Madge named him? Why had Walker looked so very smug and so conceitedly well-assured as to his wife's not being lonely?

Why, indeed! Mr. Hay stalked off so preoccupied over these questions that he actually took a wrong turn. Found himself by the postoffice instead of the railway station, and, though he repaired his error with all speed, had the pleasure of losing his train by precisely one minute.

Annoyance though this was to a punctual man, it carried compensation with it for once. Now he could have half an hour more at home. And he could just mention yesterday afternoon to Madge.

Probably she had forgot her visitor, but would name him at the least hint from him. So he walked cheerfully back to Hill House, went in at a side gate and by a laurel girt path up to the conservatory.

His wife, he fancied, spent her mornings mostly among her flowers. She was not there just now though, so he took a chair close by the door into the drawing-room to wait for her. And while he waits we will go back to Mrs. Madge and her ruminations.

As Mr. Hay left the house that morning she turned impulsively to the glass above the marble mantelpiece, gazed therein reflectively (no pun, please), and shook her head reproachfully.

"For you, you worthless woman," she soliloquised, "everything is for you, indeed; you! oh, I'm ashamed of you." Then a pause, a flickering smile followed by a sigh. "Poor fellow. Poor good old Cyprian. Whatever will he say? And he wanted to get me away by Thursday of all days. It's almost as if he suspected me. But he cannot. I wonder whatever will he say. I don't think he'll be angry. That's not his way now. But I believe he'll be very sorry. Why, you incautious creature, you look quite tell-tale and excited. If you don't mind you'll never have self-command enough to keep your secret. Oh, Cyprian, little do you guess what's going to happen! Now," cooling her face with eau de Cologne, "how I wish Fanny Holland would come. I long to know if she brings the letter that is to loosen my chains. Oh, Madge, Madge, it's abominable though for you to call them chains! Ah, there's Walker, I must warn her I am at home to no one to day except——" and rousing herself she hastened from the room.

Five minutes later Mrs. Holland ran over from the house opposite, and the two women entering the drawing room began an animated tete-a-tete just as Mr. Hay was thinking he would go and hunt up his wife.

"Nuisance!" mused he, out of sight though not of hearing. "Now that little woman will keep Madge an hour over her nursery chronicles. Shan't interrupt them. Bess stop here a few minutes and then go quietly back as I came. Madge seems uncommonly pleased to see her. Dull, of course, poor darling, without me. Knew she was, for all Walker. Eh! what! what's that they're saying?"

"Oh, Fanny, I thought I never should have got rid of Cyprian this morning. D'y fancy, he took it into his poor old head he wanted to carry me off to Paris this week—to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" echoed Mrs. Holland, "why that's when you make your final preparations."

("Preparations! what for?" thought Mr. Hay, hugely puzzled.)

"Of course it is. And I'm getting so, so nervous over everything."

"Oh, nonsense, my dear. If you made yourself ill it would spoil all. We must have no neuralgia on Thursday."

"Thursday!" silently commented the listener. "She flatly refused to be abroad on Thursday, but gave no reason. What does it mean?"

"Not if we can help it, Fanny, I promise. Luckily everything is nearly ready, and with this"—a faint sound indicated the waving of paper—"I can wind up everything to-morrow and not leave Cyprian a single shilling to pay."

"Not leave Cyprian a single shilling to pay! Not—leave—Cyprian!—Confusion!"

"Then you think," apparently examining something, "he has sent you enough!" Ha!

"Enough! Oh, he has been most liberal. I told him so yesterday when he paid me that hasty visit——"

'Oh, on, madam; oh, oh!"

"It is more than enough as I shall manage, though it cost me more than I expected, literally for hush money, you understand. If my husband had found it all out and put a stop to it I should have been"—with an emphatic little stamp—"wild."

"Oh, you naughty woman," said Mrs. Holland. "We are great friends, and having engaged to back you I'm not going to call off, but I'm not quite clear yet whether I approve of what you are doing. It's risky. My husband would resent it if he found out I were inclined to such tricks. So it's a good thing perhaps my children tie me and I can't attempt to follow your example."

("Tricks! Her husband would resent," muttered the unlucky hearer, getting very hot.)

"Ah, if he found out," said Mrs. Hay significantly; "but as I am managing, the bon mari wont find out. And, you see, when I choose to make my confession as I choose to make it, why I can wind my poor old Cyprian round my little finger. You don't understand him as I do."

("And perhaps you don't understand him thoroughly," mentally commented he thus carelessly alluded to, grinding his teeth.)

"Well, that I leave to you," said Mrs. Holland. "All I can say is you're a clever woman, Mrs Hay, to have kept him in the dark so long. Now, plainly, I want to hear all about this love business. How long have you been brooding over it?"

'Oh, for years and years. Off and on ever since Cousin Dan had to join his ship unexpectedly just when he was on the very verge of proposal——"

('Cousin Dan!" The man who had hung about Madge and caused the quarrel of their youth! Mr. Hay turned as cold as ice.)

"I always felt it so cruel. I have told you how heavy my heart was just then. Little could I then foresee the end of his trials and mine. I never forgot his troubles, poor fellow."

"So it seems," meaningly. "But do you know, I wish you could have rewarded him for them by something a little short of an elopement."

(Good heavens! The poor husband dug his hand into a maiden-hair fern and clutched it up by the roots.)

"Ah, I wish I could. I thought it over and over till my brain seemed completely muddled. So I had to give it to circumstances. And Paris not being far off—how curious that Cyprian wanted to take me there this week, the coincidence made me jump——"

(So it did some one else.)

"—why that seemed the best place to arrange for. Dan, you know, the dear fellow, makes every plan with the most perfect consideration. We shall work out of it all right. Nobody will be ultimately shocked. Did I show you his very last letter?"

"No, dear. We were interrupted, you remember, that day you were beginning. Let me hear it now."

"Very well. I know it by heart, ridiculous as I expect that sounds to you. It was:

" 'My Love—

(Mr. Cyprian Hay clenched his fists!)

" 'The close approach of our joy is dazzling. Let the vow I now register reassure your own timid heart. Never, by all that is sacred, shall you repent o'erbounding the terrible obstacle that keeps us asunder.' " ("Ah!" gasped Cyprian Hay.) " 'On Thursday you will find me waiting on the evening boat.

" 'Your ever devoted,

" 'Dan.' "

("Her ever devoted Dan!" Just powers!)

"There, that sounds in earnest, does it not?"

"Very much so indeed. I suppose with such an impassioned lover an elopement was the only possibility. Well, the end crowns all; and though I've not met the gentleman yet—his uniform is blue and gold, isn't it?—I most fervently wish Cousin Dan prosperity."

("Abandoned woman! Snake! Scut of deceit! Your husband shall hear of these doings!" with a ferocious glare through the geranium-covered wall.)

"Thanks, Fanny, a thousand times. And thanks too for all your help. My letters would never have reached me unnoticed if it had not been for your friendly hand. The cheque you have brought me now signifies the end of your good offic s and of my concealment. Heigh-ho! I wish it were over. I am as nervous as a girl about it."

"Foolish Margaret," rallied the livelier lady, "one must have done with nerves when one embarks on these undertakings. Come now and show me how far you have got already for the grand denouement."

A little rustling of skirts. The opening and closing of the door. Then the confederates were gone!

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Mr. Cyprian Hay rose, staggered to his feet. He was as cold as death. Roses lilies, trailing things on the roof, creeping things on the floor, all jumbled themselves up into one vast colorless mix. He seemed to have no eyes. Would to Heaven he had lately had no ears!

Somehow or other, by force of habit perhaps, he got safely out of the conservatory without smashing any glass. In the fresh air that ghastly feeling of sickness wore off a little. He began to pull his scattered senses together.

Very slowly he made his way to the station again. The platform official touched his hat as he opened the door of the first-class compartment and hoped interrogatively that Mr. Hay was quite well this morning.

"Very fine indeed," answered Mr. Hay, stumbling into his corner, totally unconscious of having said the wrong thing; and there he sat stupefied till they reached Fenchurch Street and he went, still in a dreamy, automatic sort of way, to his office.

"Not in to anybody," he said to his head clerk. "Take instructions or messages as if I were absent. I've—I've got the toothache."

Then he shut himself up in his private room and with his elbows on the leather-topped table and his aching head on his trembling hands he set to work thinking.

Poor Cyprian Hay! Through the most miserable hours of his life he marshalled forth the facts that made them so. What were they, put in logical—nay in damning sequence? why these:

His wife had been in love with that fellow years ago. That Captain Danby Greaves, the distant relative—or "Cousin Dan," as she called him now.

Delicacy had forbidden his even naming the man to Margaret after their perfect reunion. Gracious, goodness! what delicacy was she showing herself worth?"

Next. She had corresponded with this Cousin Dan through that infamous Mrs. Holland's connivance. The hiatus in what he had heard he could fill in only too well.

The man had come back from abroad perhaps. They had met since she was married. The old love blazed out again. Madness! This was the result!

Next. The brute had been to his, Cyprian Hay's own house. The very waiting woman knew it and laughed at her master in her sleeve!

Then. Preparations for flight from the home that he, poor fool, had fancied Paradise, were being made in every hour of his absence. The filthy lucre that was to furnish means for that flight had been handed to his wife almost in his own presence.

The letter, breathing rapture over the ghastly plot, had been read in his own hearing.

Madge, his Madge, his life's love, his wife—was longing for Thursday, the hour when—oh, was he stark mad?—had he been drinking by accident?—or was this nightmare?—when she could escape from him for ever!

Stark mad the wretched husband seemed like to go as this hideous array of facts confronted him, backed by fatal remembrance of trifles, impalpable in themselves, but in the aggregate affording horrid confirmation of his worst dread.

Madge had not watched for him of late. Oh, no, she had had other occupation! Her smile had not been ever ready to meet his. The reason? She—oh cruel, he couldn't bear to think of it—she felt herself false!

To ponder coolly, calmly, dispassionately, Cyprian Hay was utterly unable. The grand weakness of his nature, which in late happy months had seemed to slumber, now bristled up, fresh vitalized. Madge's patience, waiting fidelity, tender outpouring of long hoarded love, her charms and virtues, that but a little while ago he would have staked his soul on—these were vainly put in the balance for her favor. His furious jealousy weighed down the other scale, and all his wife's tried worth but kicked the beam!

Distracted nearly, wretched entirely, Cyprian Hay let morning, afternoon slip by. At four o'clock the chief clerk signalled up the speaking-tube and asked directions. "Close as usual," went down the answer, "and kindly tell Mrs. Cook I shall be here to-night."

Mrs. Cook was office caretaker. A room he had occasionally occupied at night during the few weeks he had been at home and a bachelor remained ready for use, though since his marriage he had never tenanted it.

Now he would stop there once more. He couldn't go back to Hill House. He dared not trust himself yet.

Mrs. Cook came tapping at the door to hear what dinner he would please like. "Nothing!" he answered shortly.

Then remembering that he didn't want all the world to know his woe at present, "Anything," he shouted, and while this "anything was being prepared the dusk came on. Under cover of that he went heavily downstairs, out to the nearest telegraph station, and wired to Mrs. Hay:

"Kept in the City to-night by business."

Then blundering back through the almost empty street—how queer it looked without its hurrying day crowd, how hollow it sounded with a newsboy shouting the latest murder at the corner—he took some food, of what sort he neither knew nor cared, and crept upstairs to that stiff ugly room, so different from the big cheery one at Hill House, with its draperies and pretty mirrors, and toilet toys and—Madge!

One mirror here was enough. Almost too much. He saw his face in it, and didn't wonder Mrs. Cook had stared when she brought his chop in!

He looked ghastlier than when he'd been nigh wrecked in the "Iona" on his home voyage. Alas! the profoundest wish of his heart now was that he had been quite wrecked. He would sooner infinitely have lost his life so, than have had to lose his Madge—thus!

The poor fellow was so worn out he actually slept, but all the night through his dreams were of "Dan," "Cousin Dan," "Captain Dan!' Fifty times he woke, each with that evil sounding name upon his lips, "Dan, Dan, Dan!"

And when he got up unrefreshed, and when he breakfasted after a fashion, and when he forced himself to look through his letters and pencil orders to his clerks, hose three great staring signs, "DAN," seemed floating all about him. Nothing could blot them out.

There was a note from his wife. A little scented cream colored envelope among his business pile. It called him 'Dearest Cyp," and said she was frightened by his telegram, and if he were not home punctually to-morrow—that evening—she should come for him. She wanted him particularly.

"To see the last of me!" groaned the unhappy man, crushing up the bit of perfumed paper and savagely pitching it from him. "Well, she shall have me."

And all through that dreary day he mentally rehearsed the looks, the words, the very gestures with which he would meet his wife: meet, enlighten, reproach, then—Heaven help him—part from her!

That was what he meant to do. The little fiends of newsboys were yelling out the latest moves of a divorce suit as he went down to the station at five. His wretchedness, his name, should never be blazoned out like that. He would bid her go—to be happy; never to return. He would stay behind and—though he was forty he felt the possibility, good reader—and break his heart!

The soft September twilight lay over his house as he approached. Upstairs some windows were shining. Downstairs no lamps were lit. At the front bow there was—yes—truly, the face that always used to make his steps quicken. He shuddered at the sight of it now. Madge to be crafty! Ugh!

She nodded with assumbiance of gladness as he went up the steps. He turned his head aside and pretended not to see.

Walker opened the door with a smirk. He felt as though he could have struck her. His self-possession suddenly collapsed.

"Whose been here to-day?" he asked roughly.

"To-day, sir? Been here!" stammered Walker, taken aback by his manner and question.

"Yes; to-day, sir. Been here." So thoroughly off his head he condescended to mimic the servant. He was on the track of these hateful doings now. Might as well begin at one end as the other. "Answer me, and don't prevaricate."

"Sir," said Walker, deeply affronted, for that long word meant something nasty, she was sure, "nobody has been here. At least," hesitating, "nobody to speak of."

"No, not to speak of," her master echoed bitterly. He could only too well believe that. "Tell your mistress I want to see her."

"Yes, sir. She is in the drawing-room waiting for you."

He couldn't bear that room, where he'd lavished his very best upon her, to witness what was coming.

"I wish to see her in—in—my own room," he said shortly, and began ascending the stairs towards the rarely visited den called by courtesy his "study."

Walker changed color. Then with a nimble movement got before him and ran up ahead

"No, sir, please. The study is—untidy," visibly invented as an excuse. "I haven't dusted it to-day. Would you mind going to mistress's morning room?"

"Yes, I should," retorted Mr. Hay. "I will thank my wife to come and speak to me here," and more slowly reaching the first landing he thrust aside some new-fangled curtain and essayed to open the door.

It was locked!

He turned upon the servant with tones of concentrated rage.

"What does this mean?" he asked.

"What does what mean?" said another voice—Mrs. Hay's—as she came hurrying up. "Are you never coming down to tea, dear? Oh, Walker," stopping short, "surely your master hasn't——"

"No, ma'am," said the woman in a stage whisper; "he wanted to go in, but I nipped up and got the key in my pocket."

"Give it to me this moment," said her master imperatively.

"No, Walker—to me, please," eagerly interposed the mistress, with hand outstretched, "and run down and see that

master's toast is ready. Oh, Cyprian, dear," as the woman vanished, "you must want something. How tired and ill you look," and positively she offered the little hug of return he had once upon a time called his "day's pay."

There was an alcove on that landing with a cushioned seat in it. Somehow Cyprian couldn't keep on his legs any longer, so he sat down suddenly and cleared his throat, and said in a very low voice:

"Margaret, I don't want any toast, nor yet any—caresses."

She came close, looking a little frightened.

"How long," almost in a whisper, "has this been going on about—about Cousin Dan?"

"Ah!" She gave a smothered cry.

He went on. "I must know, at once; fully. Tell me. I insist upon it."

"Cyprian"—she hung her head, the color mounting fast—"I am so dreadfully sorry you've found me out. And I can see you are angry. But, please," stealing closer, and even kneeling down beside him, "please don't blame me so very much till you know all."

"All," he repeated bitterly. "What more is left for me to know? Tell me. When I have heard with my own ears that my wife has never forgotten her Cousin Dan; that thoughts of him have filled her head for months; that he has been with her in hours of my absence; that I—I am only the poor dupe she can wind round her little finger, he the lover who writes her burning letters; I the fool who will presently receive any confession she chooses to make, he the man who plans to take her to Paris—tell me, is there," with a pitiable break in his voice, "is there much more left for me to learn? Oh, Madge! oh, Madge!"

As he spoke, as he ended, his wife drew back more and more. Every description of confusion swept across her features. Speak she could not when her husband ceased. She tried, indeed, clasping her hands over her bosom, but the words refused to come. Again he addressed her.

"Perhaps there is. Perhaps I had best insist now on seeing the—the—Cousin Dan you've got in there," indicating with despairing gesture the study. "Is he not there?"

"Y-e-s," very faintly.

He knew it, but it stabbed him afresh.

"Then let me—give up—since I am nothing now to her—what I thought my dear—dear treasure—to the—the man she prefers—the man," with a lunatic attempt at a laugh, "in—in—blue and gold, as your shameless friend Mrs. Holland said yesterday."

"Yesterday!"

"Ah, when the missing of my train sent me home to wait in the conservatory, and to hear there what has made me curse the hour I was born."

Margaret Hay sprang to her feet, unfastened the study door, and flung it open. The light of a hanging lamp streamed out upon her.

"Cyprian," she cried, her tone wild, as well it might be, "look here and see all I have hidden from you."

He got up and went slowly in. Looked around. There was no officer, no man to be seen. But there was plenty to surprise, nevertheless.

The little den was transformed into a perfect bijou study. A suite of antique oak—the costly fancy he had refused himself till his Madge's every liking was gratified; the books he preferred; the very table—true Jacobean—he had been coveting of that Jew of a dealer this last twelve-month; all the few ornaments of his bachelorhood—meerschaums, Singalese idols, trays, what not—disposed cunningly about the corners; and from the overmantel, itself a gem two centuries old, smiled down a portrait of her who had plotted all this change. And the original was standing before him—good fate, what could it betoken?—and tears were chasing down her face, and yet she was beaming through them, and she was saying:

"Oh, Cyprian, Cyprian, that ever you could doubt me! How you have punished me for ever keeping one single secret from you. But it began with my fault, so I'll forgive you, darling. Perhaps it was wicked of me to want to be ever so little less indebted to you. But I did so want to give you something—you who were always giving so freely to me. And I had no money quite my own, so I—I—wrote a book—a novel. And I called it 'Cousin Dan,' because something that happened to Danby Greaves years ago gave me the beginning of the plot, though I've not seen Danby since papa died, and he's married now and has seven children! And I told no one about it all but Fanny Holland. I was giving her the end of it yesterday. I read it to her bit by bit, and once you came and caught us, and she ran off by the window for fear you should ask questions of her. Her brother is the publisher—Mr. Lighton—Simok and Lighton, you know, dear. I was so put to finish my book and sell it fast enough. But I managed it, and Mr. Lighton brought me the first copies on Monday afternoon. He lives up the Grove, and Fanny brought me the cheque for it yesterday. And, Cyprian, it was all and only to do this room up for you I worked. A birthday present, dear old man. And we've had such trouble to get the things in and stowed away without your seeing. And I'd set my heart on giving it to you to-morrow; that's why I wouldn't go to Paris. But, oh, husband, husband, how could you think bad things of me?"

He could not tell her.

She appeared to be laughing, but she was also crying, and she was in his arms, all his contrition told in one close embrace, and he was glad for a minute to pretend he wasn't choking and to hide his own stupid, half-blind eyes on her brown hair.

Later on they grew composed enough to examine "Cousin Dan" together, and mighty proud he was of his wife's performance. A great success it proved too, though it was followed by one that completely eclipsed it.

For in something less than a year from the date of this brief melodrama a fine little live "Dan"—his father would have him called so, to check him for his crazy folly, he said—made his appearance at Hill House, and this fascinating new member of the family takes up so much of his fond and clever mother's time that it is yet quite uncertain when she will be able to compile another three-volumes, though an admiring public are ready and waiting to receive it.

Bits About Animals.

BY RUTH LAMB.

SO YOU have adopted a new pet. I am surprised at your taste. I hate pugs; they are such thorough shams. They look fierce and bulldog-like, but ugliness is the only thing the two kinds have in common. The pug has neither the courage or the sense of his probable kinsman. He is hopelessly stupid."

Thus ran on a lively girl friend as she surveyed our latest pet, Randy, surely the most perfect of pugs—not a point wanting, and a great pet of our family and of the cat!

I bristled up instantly, and sternly answered—

"There is no such animal as a stupid dog, unless he has been condemned to live with stupid people. Constant companionship with such may have a debasing influence on four-legged intelligence represented by a dog. It is the fault of his surroundings if he become stupid, not of his nature."

I glance at our pug aforenamed, and note an expression of satisfaction on his sooty muzzle. He understands the situation, that my friend is no friend of his, but knows that his cause is in safe hands.

He came to us a dejected youngster, but the most beautiful of six months old pugs.

When the dog arrived after a long railway journey in a dingy box over the engine wheel, and after parting with all his friends, he was naturally out of spirits, and human attentions failed to console him, so "Tim" took him in hand.

Tim was a beautiful young cat, just Randy's age, and a perfect pet. He looked pityingly at the new arrival, and constituted himself his guide and guardian.

He coaxed him to go up and down the house—in fact, showed him all the ins and outs; capered about him, and invited him to a game of romps; and though Randy was at first slow to respond, the cheerful little cat conquered his shyness and dulness, and they became fast friends.

If Randy and I were strolling up and down the drive, Tim was sure to accompany us, and the gambols of this curious pair of companions amused many a looker-on, especially as Tim's mother often made a third in the game.

One evening I was going out with Randy, and Tim, as usual, went with us, until we neared the main road. We were twenty minutes absent, and rain was falling heavily as we returned into the drive.

Behind a stump near the entrance, Tim had waited for us, heedless of rain, and as Randy approached he darted out to startle him, just as a child often does with a companion.

Then the two frolicked away together like a couple of children. But Tim always exercised a certain authority over Randy.

One morning a thaw had set in, and the ground was sloppy with half-melted snow. Randy was paddling about in it, and, though often called, declined to come in.

Tim was waiting for him in the hall door way, and at length, waxing impatient, the cat marched towards the offender, lifted his right paw and gave him a cuff on one side of the head, then with the left paw bestowed a second, and literally drove him into the house, to the amusement of three lookers on.

Alas! we lost Tim. We never knew how it happened, only our beautiful wise-like pet was not.

I saw a paragraph then-abouts, stating that there was a great demand for fine cat-skins, and that an unusually large number had been sent to market.

Tim's was the finest, silkiest fur I ever saw, and that paragraph suggested a dread which I cannot bear to put into words!

Randy missed Tim. Everybody missed him, and we talk of our lost pet with lasting regret. Our doggie has proved that he is no stupid pug. He has plenty of funny ways. For instance, when his water-bowl is empty, he first does his best to attract attention thereto by charms and blandishments.

These failing, he seizes the bowl between his paws and trundles it up and down the passage leading to the kitchen, until it is refilled by somebody.

He plays a game at "hide and seek" with my daughter, his real mistress; comes to have his eyes covered, then prances off in search of her, and goes in turn to every place she has ever used for purpose of concealment.

When he has found her, he comes again to have his face covered whilst she hides a second time, and he will continue the game till she is tired.

When giving out articles from the store-room one day, I bestowed a pinch of raw sugar on Randy. Since then he has demanded a dole daily.

If I forget, Randy does not, but plants himself at the door and scratches at it until his request for sugar is complied with.

The same at the butcher's. The doggie had a scrap of raw meat bestowed on him the first time he called there with me when I paid the weekly bill.

He subsequently called many times, and could only be dragged out of the shop if the master forgot to repeat his gift.

Randy was sure of his scrap in the long run, for the fuss he made served as a reminder, and the bit of lean meat rewarded the pertinacious beggar.

Randy is by no means the only beggar at that shop. On one occasion the master told me there was quite a commotion opposite his door. It was caused by a large black retriever, which belonged to a blind man.

The latter was on his way to his daily post, but his dog could not be got past the butcher's door. Dragging, coaxing, even blows failed to stir him, for he was a powerful animal, and showed two rows of gleaming teeth when meddled with.

"It was not in the shop at first," said the butcher, "but when I came I remembered that on the previous morning I had given the animal a bit of meat.

I did the same again, and he went cheerfully on his way; but ever since that he has stopped for his portion. Do not begin to give to a dog unless you mean to go on. He will never forget."

Randy is kind to all cats. His doubly curled tail is always the kitten's first plaything, and when the mother is absent the survivor of each litter finds a warm resting place cuddled up between the doggie's paws. They sleep on the same rug, and if any animal is put upon, Randy is the one.

Flossie, our present mother cat, acts like a boy of whom I have heard, and, wh , as his brother complained, always took his half of the bed in the middle, and compelled the junior to take his meisty out of both sides.

Flossie did this until we enlarged the accommodation, and rendered it impossible for Randy, patient beast, to be served in a like manner.

Randy has musical tastes, too. He will listen to singing, or the piano, for any length of time. But run up a chromatic scale or indulge in discords, and he howls himself hoarse to such an accompaniment; though he will not leave the piano.

A pug has been well described as a nursery dog. He makes himself such a safe playmate for children, and he will stand any amount of infantile mauling without resentment.

I know of a fine house, in the drawing-room of which is a stuffed pug. It is so lifelike that strangers take it for a living animal, whilst the mistress sometimes half apologizes for its presence by saying: "It was the friend of my little ones for years."

My Randy is as sympathetic as any human friend if anybody whom he loves is in trouble. He does everything but speak, and—well, the exception at such times is an advantage!

I made Snow's acquaintance one day whilst waiting for his mistress. He is a beautiful Pomeranian, and spotless as his name. His present owners met with him during a summer outing, and with difficulty purchased him from a poor but dog-loving master, who did not sell him for the money's sake, but to secure his pet a better home than he could give him.

Snow's comfort is considered now in such a manner, that one cannot see him without wishing that all children were as fortunate. He gets his meals—proper food—to the minute.

His bath, his daily walks, his times of going to bed and getting up, are all arranged with the greatest precision. He has his own chair—chintz covered and cushioned—placed near the window, so that he can note what is passing, and be free from the temptation to invade the satin damask or the other furniture.

His mistress, finding that I was a great observer of animal character, told me some stories about Snow, amongst which was the following:—

The day after he first came to the house the servants assembled as usual for family prayers. Snow had not been used to such an arrangement, and he pranced and frisked about to the disturbance of everybody. Of course, he was turned out, and for the rest of the time lay quietly on the door mat.

He required no second warning, but when prayer time came again, and the books placed before the master, Snow marched out of the room and located himself on the mat till the reappearance of the servants showed that the reading was over.

This habit he continued ever after, the sight of the books being the invariable signal for his departure from the room.

Both young and old might learn something from Snow. Few of us are cured of a fault by a single lesson.

JOSH BILLINGS was asked, "How fast does sound travel?" and his idea was, it depends a good deal on the noise you are talking about. "The sound of the dinner-horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second, while an invitashun to get up in the morning I have knowed to be 3 quarters of an hour going up 2 pair uv stairs, and then hev strength enough left to be heard."

THE "ANGELUS."—"Have you seen the 'Angelus?'" "Yes. What a curious subject for an artist to take!" "Curious?" "Yes. There is nothing interesting in a couple of people looking for bait in a big open field."

EASE YOUR COUGH by using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, a sure and helpful medicine for the Throat and Lung ailments, and a curative for Asthma.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

At Gagny, in the department of Seine-et-Oise, France, there is, it appears, a family which possesses the delightfully brief and handy surname, H. In Belgium, too, there are some people named O. In the French department of Somme, there is, further, a village named Y. The French post office may, therefore, some day have to deliver a letter thus strangely addressed:

à M. O,
chez M. H,
Y.

It is as we know, the universal custom of college classes to designate themselves by the last two figures of the year in which they are to be graduated, as, for instance, the class of '00, or the class of '99. This being so, what are the boys to do, who in the course of time will be graduated in 1900? To be consistent they will have to say that they belong to the class of '00, which is not only absurd but unpronounceable. Let the college debating societies tackle this momentous question. Come to think of it, too, won't it sound a little queer to speak of the class of '01 and the class of '02?

The old proverb, "Better late than never," has been illustrated by a striking modern instance. Ninety-seven years ago some person, now unknown by name posted in Paris a number of the *Gazette Universelle*, directing it to "Monsieur X—— in Morges, Switzerland," but the newspaper did not arrive at its destination until last week. It appears that the *Gazette*, which has been waiting for delivery ever since January, 1798, had got mixed up with a bundle of other newspapers, and was found with the cover and address still intact amidst a heap of rubbish in a garret. The finder conscientiously sent it to the Morges postmaster, by whom it was as conscientiously forwarded to the present representative of the X—— family still living at Morges.

Japanese papers are raising an energetic protest against the barbarous, but, unhappily, fashionable custom of wearing feathers and wings of singing birds as ornaments in hats. The writer declaims bitterly against the European mode of dress, which, is now superseding the picturesque and comfortable dress of the Japanese women, and asks if this latest addition is to be allowed to continue. An order has just reached Japan from Europe for 100,000 wings. Each wing is bought for the small sum of 5 cents, and yet there are to be found many people who will kill the native songsters for this petty price, to the enormous future damage of the farmers. The *Japan Mail* appeals to the Government to stop this massacre among the feathered tribes.

It is a very interesting discovery that General Grant Wilson has made at the Hague. He has found the original deed of purchase of Manhatten Island in 1626 by the Dutch West India Company. The whole of the city of New York now lies on Manhatten Island, the area of which is rather more than 11,000 acres. It is calculated that the present average value of the island is not less than $125,000 an acre, or say, 1,375 000 000. Two hundred and sixty-four years ago, the Dutch Company paid for the whole the very moderate sum of 24 dollars. The reason why this island was sold by the Indians for so small a sum was that, for superstitious or other reasons, they regarded it as unfit for human habitation. They never lived there, and only crossed to it to conduct certain religious ceremonies. There is now no spot in the world where land is so valuable as in the lower part of New York.

The marriageable Princes and Princesses of Europe are still numerous, notwithstanding the frequent royal weddings of late. To take only heirs to thrones or to Grand Duchies, there are seventeen Princes available. Two belong to the orthodox faith—the Czarevitch and the Crown Prince of Montenegro; ten are Roman Catholics, including the direct heirs to the Crowns of Italy and Roumania, the presumptive heirs to the thrones of Austria, Belgium, Bavaria, and Saxony, and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria; and five are Protestants, such as Prince Albert Victor, Prince Christian of Denmark and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse. These last can choose from about fourteen Protestant Princesses; the Roman Catholics have a choice of some twenty young ladies of their own religion, while only two Princesses of the Greek Church are forthcoming—the daughters of the Prince of Montenegro.

Old Judge Fernald, of Santa Barbara, has the reputation of being the politest man in California. He never loses an opportunity to doff his hat or to offer some slight attention to way faring men and women. One day, as he was about to take the train for San Francisco, he reached the rear steps of the last car just as they were approached by a young priest. "After the cloth," said the chivalric Judge, stepping back with a courtly bow. "Gray hairs have the preference," returned the priest with a splendid wave of the hand. "The Church always has precedence," retorted the Judge, taking another backward step, hat in hand. "The Church follows in the footsteps of the fathers," replied the priest, bowing low, and indicating the way to the steps. The duel of politeness was not half through neither yielding an inch, when the train was pulled out, leaving both bowing and hanging on the platform.

Our Young Folks.

A GOLDSMITH'S APPRENTICE.

BY E. HARRADEN.

MASTER MAXWELL was reputed to be one of the wealthiest and cleverest goldsmiths living in Cheapside; and indeed, there was no one to deny the excellence of his goods, which were exposed for sale on stalls, very much like those used to this day at country fairs.

These old-world shops, with their long painted signs swinging to the touch of the wind, must surely have looked very quaint; and I think, too, that the shopkeepers had a quaint way of selling, for they stationed their apprentices outside, and the apprentices yelled at the top of their lusty voices to the passers by, "What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?" at the same time holding up some article which they thought might perhaps induce the stranger to become a buyer.

"This is what you lack, master!" they cried; "a goblet, none finer in the kingdom. A bodkin of silver, gentle lady; a looking-glass, costly beyond all words! A clock, noble sir, to grace any palace—what d'ye lack, what d'ye lack?"

Sometimes when the passers-by refused the tempting offers, the apprentices, who were a reckless set of beings, jeered at them, and if their jeers were resented by any act of violence, why, then Cheapside swarmed with apprentices, who had armed themselves with their clubs, and had rushed out of every shop eager to join the skirmish.

Sometimes they all combined and fought with strangers, and at other times, on the slightest provocation, they fought with each other; the Goldsmiths, for instance, attacking the Saddlers, or the Fishmongers attacking the Shippers of cloth. I suppose this gave rise to the old song—

"Up then rose the 'prentices all,
Living in London, both proper and tall."

Well, Master Maxwell's apprentice, Nicholas Aldewyn, was certainly one of the most turbulent creatures in the world, and Master Maxwell would long since have sent him away, but that he was a skillful workman in gold and silver, and could fashion a ring or a goblet better than most hands could manage; and then, too, little Mistress Margaret, Master Maxwell's grandchild, a little dainty girl of nine years old, loved the great rough Nicholas, and that was equal to a hundred reasons for his remaining.

She sat by his side in the workshop, watching him chasing the golden vessels for King Edward the Third's sideboard. His hand, so strong to beat out brass shapes, so strong to wield the club, touched her little hands gently; his voice, gruff enough at other times and loud enough to reach to the other side of Temple Bar, fell into natural softness when he spoke to little Mistress Margaret.

So, for the sake of his skill and for the sake of Mistress Margaret, Master Maxwell bore his troublesome apprentice, though he told him he was a sad dog, and he would one day have to be turned off to try his fortune and his impudence elsewhere.

Nicholas Aldewyn smiled, for he had often heard that threat, and it had never yet come true. And it is hard, you know, to believe in things which do not come true.

Mistress Margaret could not understand why Nicholas loved to rush off to fight, and she listened in amazement to his stories about the desperate riots in which he took an active part.

"I hit one fellow a rare blow on the head," he told her in triumph; "you should have seen him then, little mistress—he wasn't much to boast of, I can tell ye!"

"Oh, Nicholas, don't, don't!" she pleaded; "you do such terrible things. I'm quite frightened of you when I see that wicked old club in your hand. You don't seem like my Nicholas then. And grandfather says you'll get into trouble one day."

"Not I!" laughed Nicholas, as he looked up from his work. "And as for the club, it's a good old club, the 'prentices' trusty friend. And let me tell ye, little mistress, 'tis of no use to hide it away, for Nicholas will find it anywhere, that he will!"

"Oh, I thought you would never find it when I hid it last week," she answered. "And I thought you would forget all about fighting if you did not see it. I can't think why you want to fight when you can work so beautifully, Nicholas. No one can work as well as you."

"Nay, ay, you're right there," said Nicholas, laughing. "What d'ye think of this goblet? I am proud of it; and his Majesty must needs be proud of it too. But there, I must not gossip, for it is not quite done, and Master Maxwell told me it must be finished this very morning. You'll pass me yonder tool, little mistress; thank ye kindly. And may be you'll kiss rough old Nicholas, just to help finish the goblet!"

"Of course I will," she said, as she put up her little face, which Nicholas kissed, having carefully rubbed his mouth with the corner of his apron.

"That's a little dear," he said. "And hark ye, I'll think twice before I take up the club, and that's more than I'd do for most folk."

"Good old Nicholas!" she cried, patting his great hand. "Then I shan't have to hide the club, shall I?"

She left him to his work, and went into Master Maxwell's private apartment at the back of the shop, where she found him busy over his accounts, and surrounded by little bags of gold.

He wore a long black velvet gown, with a massive gold chain about his neck, and he had the appearance of being a wealthy citizen, the decoration on his coat testifying that he was a prominent member of the Worshipful Guild of Goldsmiths.

Little Mistress Margaret was dressed in a dark purple skirt, and a bodice of the same color, with long hanging sleeves according to the fashion of those times; and a finely chased clasp, designed by Master Maxwell himself, fastened the neck of her dress.

"What a lot of money!" she said, bending over her grandfather, and fondling his white hair. "What shall you do with it all?"

"It is all for you, child," he said gently, as he drew her near to him. "This money and more added thereto, shall go for your dower—a brave dower. No one shall say hereafter that the rich goldsmith of Cheapside did not take thought for his little grandchild. You shall be rich and happy, Mistress Margaret."

"Nicholas says rich folk are not always happy, you know," answered the child, thoughtfully.

"Nicholas tells you a great deal of nonsense," replied Master Maxwell, a little sharply; "he has a rattling tongue. You must not heed him."

"Oh, but he tells me such wonderful things," she answered enthusiastically; "and I am sure you would like to hear him speak about the gold and the silver and the brass fairies. He says he has to be ever so careful not to squash any fairies when he is beating out the metal shapes. Have you ever squashed any fairies? I am sure Nicholas must be clever, and he is good, isn't he? And what do you think, he has half promised not to rush out fighting. I can't imagine why he likes to knock people down—can you, grandfather?"

"He is a wild rascal," said Master Maxwell, "and he will come to grief one of these days—that he will."

"He says it is just splendid to knock a man down," continued little Mistress Margaret, smiling in spite of herself.

"Ah, he is a rogue of an apprentice," sighed Master Maxwell. "But the lad is cheery, with it all, and good-natured enough; and by my faith, it's a grand thing to have a cheery heart. It carries one bravely through life. But hark ye, little mistress, methinks you love that great bear of an apprentice better than your old grandfather."

"No, no," she cried eagerly, "not that!"

And Master Maxwell was well satisfied, knowing that she loved him dearly. As for himself, he valued none of his rich possessions so highly as this little Margaret, who seemed to be there to teach him that a gentle human life is worth more than all the gold and all the jewels in the world—a true and beautiful lesson to learn, true and beautiful for every country and every century.

Master Maxwell was just putting away his money, when he heard a terrific noise in the street, and the well-known cry arose of "Clubs — 'prentices — 'prentices!" He hastened into his shop and found that Nicholas Aldewyn had left his work to join the riot; indeed, he could see him rushing down Cheapside, followed by scores of apprentices, who seemed to start up everywhere; all of them of course armed with clubs, which was the only weapon considered suitable for their position.

"There he goes," said Master Maxwell in despair, "and the goblet is not finished for his Majesty, who said something about coming to-day. Alack—that lad will be the ruin of me! Rogue! At the first sound off he rushes. 'Tis a creature good for nothing. What am I to say if his Majesty comes and asks for the goblet? Oh, that knave of an apprentice; he has been a troublesome fellow ever since he entered my door; and he knew quite well that the goblet was to be finished this morning.

"I wish I could finish it," said little Mistress Margaret mournfully. She was quite disappointed that Nicholas had not kept his promise to her.

But it was no use lamenting, for Nicholas had gone, and the goblet would have to wait for his return, whenever that might be. Master Maxwell turned from his shop door, and bade little Margaret follow him into his private apartment, but she caught hold of his sleeve and cried——

"The King! the King!"

And sure enough it was his Majesty Edward the Third who came riding in state down Cheapside, and now drew up in front of Master Maxwell's shop.

That was a great honor for the goldsmith, and he knelt down and humbly bade the King welcome, though, between ourselves, he wished him several leagues away because of that unfinished goblet!

"May it please your Majesty to state your wishes?" said Master Maxwell, when the King, who had ordered his followers to wait outside, entered the goldsmith's shop.

"The goblet, worthy goldsmith," answered the King. "I have a wish that it should grace my board to night, so that I may drink her Majesty's health in ruby wine, poured generously into that very goblet. Such is my fancy."

Master Maxwell looked distressed.

"It is not quite perfect," he answered nervously—for it must be nervous work, you know, displeasing a sovereign—"but when my rogue of an apprentice comes back, he shall finish it forthwith. See, noble sire, it is cunningly wrought and tastefully chased."

"And where is your rogue of an apprentice?" asked the King, frowning. "When the King wishes a thing done, it must be done. Have you not learnt that, worthy goldsmith?"

"So please, your Highness, my apprentice has rushed off fighting," pleaded Master Maxwell. "What can a poor goldsmith do when his apprentices refuse to bide in the shop.

He looked so forlorn that Edward, who was good-natured enough in his way, and especially devoted to the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, to whom he had granted a charter, and whom he called his "beloved goldsmiths," laughed and told Master Maxwell to have no fear, for after all, one day was as well as another, and when it pleased his Highness the apprentice to finish the goblet, it would please his Highness the King to drink from the goblet!

Master Maxwell was just congratulating himself on the King's graciousness when cries of a riotous mob coming up Cheapside towards the goldsmith's shop attracted Edward's attention.

"It is the apprentices returning," explained Master Maxwell.

"By my crown!" exclaimed Edward, "I'll not have my streets upset by these rogues! Ho! ho!" he cried to his attendants, "bid the archers shoot and disperse these rascals, and bring me the ringleaders, that they may hear their punishment from me, their king."

Little Mistress Margaret crept from her hiding place. She forgot all about the King's presence. Her hands were clasped eagerly together, and her eyes looked tearful.

"I am sure Nicholas will be there," she said, "and the King will be so angry with him."

Edward turned towards the child.

"And who is Nicholas?" he asked kindly. "And why will the King be angry with him?"

"Because he is such a naughty apprentice," she answered, "and because he has not finished the goblet. But indeed I am sure you could not help liking him. And, do you know, he says he must fight, and that even kings love to fight. Please, please, not be angry with Nicholas."

At that moment the archers came up, having captured several of the most turbulant apprentices.

"This is the ringleader, your Highness," they all cried. And of course it was Nicholas Aldewyn.

Two archers held him by the collar; he looked hot and tired, and his clothes were torn and covered with dust. He had lost his cap, and his leathern belt was unfastened, and his jacket, with its puffed sleeves, was all awry. He certainly did not present a very peaceable appearance. Little Mistress Margaret's heart sank within her.

"Oh! Nicholas, Nicholas!" she said, and in his great hand she put her own. She was not afraid of the archers, or the King, or any of his attendants.

But the King smiled, first at the apprentice, and then at the little girl, who looked so distressed for him.

"Well, Sir Apprentice," he said, gazing at his unruly subject, "I've been told not to be angry with Nicholas. This is what the little lady says. Let him loose, archers. Now man, listen to your king. Can't you be a peaceable citizen, worthy of our great City? What do these riots mean? If there is any fighting to be done, we soldiers can fight; but you workmen have something better to do—golden goblets to finish, for instance. Well, then, Sir Apprentice, finish your golden goblet, and when I have slipped from it I'll tell you whether I pardon you. Good morrow, worthy goldsmith, and good morrow, little mistress. And for your sake, child, I'll try not to be angry with Nicholas, though indeed he is a knave of an apprentice."

But Nicholas knelt before King Edward.

"I'll remember the King's words," he said, "and will yet live to be a worthy citizen."

When Edward had passed out of the shop Nicholas went back to his work, and never spoke until the beautiful goblet was finished. Then he held it up for little Mistress Margaret to see; and Master Maxwell smiled approval and said, that though Nicholas knew how to fight, he knew better how to work.

And Nicholas was proud, for he had put his best workmanship into that goblet; and it is a splendid thing to feel one's self really done a good bit of work. And before the day was over he said to his little friend—

"Hark ye, I've thrown away my club; and I'll not look for it. No, I'll learn to be a right good citizen. And I tell ye, it would have gone hard with me but for little Mistress Margaret."

In the history of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths we find the name of a certain Nicholas Aldewyn, a worthy goldsmith and a citizen of rare merit.

He rose to great distinction in the company, and became a warden of the Guild. So, you see, he kept his word to the king and to little Mistress Margaret.

It is written of him that he always dealt gently with his apprentices, remembering, no doubt, the time when he himself, snatching up his trusty club, rushed down old Cheapside only too eager to join in a rough fight with the Snippers of cloth, or the Saddlers, or the the Swordmakers, or the Joiners of old London!

ORIGIN OF A BRIDGE.—At Tokio, China, is a fine bridge called Adzuma-Bashi, "My Wife's Bridge." The name has a romantic origin. A brave general who had quelled a rebellion in another part of the empire was hastening home on account of the receipt of a message that his wife was dangerously ill.

On the last day of his hurried journey he found his course barred by a bridgeless river, and when, after long and anxious waiting, he managed to find a boat to cross in, he was met by messengers bearing the sad tidings that his dearly loved wife had just died, before he could arrive to press her hand for the last time and say adieu. "My wife could not wait for me," was all that the stoical warrior would trust himself to say as he stood there as if frozen by the shock.

His sovereign, touched by compassion for the blow that had fallen upon him while away fighting for his country, ordered a bridge to be built at the spot and named it Adzuma-Bashi.

But the people say it cost the monarch only between a sum equal only to five or six hundred dollars, since a lot of paper money was manufactured especially to pay for it.

MUMMIES.—It is said that there is a good deal of fraud in the Egyptian mummy business. Persons purchasing mummies, of course, like to get them as well preserved and natural looking as possible, and as those found are generally in a more or less dilapidated condition, vendors have engaged in the manufacturing of bogus mummies. They bargain with tramps, beggars, and such people for their defunct carcasses, paying therefor a sufficient sum to make their remaining days short and sweet. These fellows are preserved and pickled and then smoked until they are good imitations of the genuine mummy. Whole rows of these articles can be seen in smoke houses at once. When sufficiently dry they are wrapped in mummy cloth and sold, to Americans chiefly, bringing a high price.

How many souls hunger till they are past their appetite; go on,—down through the years,—needy and waiting, and never find or grasp that which a sure instinct tells them they were made for.

LAVENDER.

BY E. SPENSER.

The lovely lilies all are dead,
The rose has lost her bloom;
The earth, that once their beauty fed,
Has now become their tomb.

Sweet Lavender! with fragrant breath,
Unchanging, thou dost brave
The storm that veil'd the flow'rs in death,
And smilest o'er their grave.

True type art thou of Christian faith,
Which, when life's blossoms fail,
Knows nought herself of change or death,
Triumphant over all.

Which, did the toys the world so loved
Rises on her funeral pile,
Would stand, 'mid Nature's wreck unmoved,
And "o'er the ruins smile."

OF THE SEA.

The sea is a fertile field for all who take an interest in old superstitions, and no wonder. There is an air of mystery about its limitless expanse, its wild winds, its rolling billows, and its unseen depths; whilst the finny race to which it affords a home look as if almost anything told of them might be true.

First of all, why is the sea salt? Of this there is an original explanation in a legend told by the Norse Skalds. The "bountiful Frodi," whose mythical reign was a golden age, possessed a quern, or handmill, which ground anything the persons chose in whose hands it happened to be. For a long time it ground nothing but gold and peace.

But in an evil day a sea rover came, slew Frodi, and carries off the quern and two giant maidens who had been kept in occupation grinding it. When he got to the high seas he bade the maidens grind salt. They did as they were told, and at midnight asked if he had salt enough.

"No," said he; and ordered them to stick to their work.

So they ground and ground till the ship was full and went to the bottom—sea rover, maidens, quern, and all, "that's why the sea is salt."

The evil spirit who of old was supposed to preside over the demons of the deep was known to seamen under the familiar name of Davy Jones. Jones is a corruption of Jonah, the prophet who was thrown into sea, and Davy, it has been suggested, is a form of Duffy, a ghost or spirit among the West Indian negroes.

Davy Jones was often seen in various shapes perching among the rigging on the eve of hurricanes, shipwrecks, and other disasters, to which a seafaring life is exposed, warning the devoted wretch of death and woe. His form was sometimes of gigantic height, he showed three rows of sharp teeth in his enormous mouth, he had eyes as big as saucers, and from his nostrils streamed blue flames. A Davy Jones of a milder type was the stormy petrel, known to sailors as the Mother Carey's chicken.

Nobody seems to know who Mother Carey was. When it was snowing, sailors say that Mother Carey is plucking her geese, and this is supposed to be a comical variation of a German myth, which represents the snow as feathers falling from the bed of the goddess Holda when she shakes up the pillows after having had a nap.

In Iceland it is held that a sure way to promote disasters at sea is to stand on the shore and count ships or beckon to those on board. They are certain then to be lost.

Spilling salt is an unlucky proceeding anywhere. At sea special care must be taken not to overturn the salt cellar. According to a Dutch notion an overturned salt cellar means a ship gone to the bottom.

Another bad omen for a ship is to lose a water bucket or let a mop slip overboard. An old superstition mentioned by Petronius Arbiter is to the effect that no person in a ship should pare his nails or cut his hair except in a storm.

Children are said to bring good luck to ships, the same blessing apparently following them on the water that accompanies them on land. Cats, too, are always welcome on board, for puss is held to be influential in bringing about pleasant weather and successful voyages. To throw a cat overboard or to drown one at sea is very unlucky.

When there is a dead calm a universal practice among sailors of all nations is to invite the wind to come by whistling. Whistling, however, is objectionable at sea when there is no need for it; it may make the breeze then blowing to become much stronger than is either safe or agreeable.

A Hamburg belief gives a more original way of raising the wind; it consists in scratching with a nail on the foremast, when the irritation of the wood produces the desired effect.

The magicians of the Finns and Laps were held to possess in the highest perfection the power of raising storms, and they used to give winds in bags for a consideration to believing mariners.

When a contrary wind blows, say the Hamburg sailors, throw an old broom before the first ship you meet. The wind will then change; you will get a favorable breeze, and the other vessel just the reverse.

Many interesting superstitions are connected with fishing. A lucky day on which to start for fishing grounds is said in some districts to be Sunday. Inferences as to their success are drawn by fishermen from what they meet when on the way to their boats.

In Sweden it used to be the custom, with a view to securing good fortune for the fishing, to burn the teeth of fish. Stolen fishing tackle was also thought lucky; the person robbed, however, lost his luck.

Before putting out to sea it was, held in the same country that one ought not to communicate his intentions to his neighbors—a piece of policy which might with advantage be imitated in other walks of life.

An Icelandic superstition forbids taking dogs on a fishing expedition; if they are kept in the boats, or even allowed to go near the tackle, they spoil the catch. According to another Icelandic notion, fishermen should not sing at their lines or nets, or when they are dredging up a landing-place for boats; it brings misfortune.

In returning from fishing they say in Sweden, it is unlucky to tell whether one has caught many or few fish. A stranger also should on no account be permitted to see the number caught.

The king of the sea is the herring, who seems to have obtained that rank by popular election. When this event came off the flounder was a rival candidate, and naturally felt great disappointment and disgust at the result. The story is given in a Manx legend. The fish," it records, "all gathered once to choose a king, and the fluke, he who has the red spots on him, stayed at home to make himself pretty, putting on his red spots, to see if he would be king; and he was too late, for when he came the herring was king of the sea. So the fluke curled his mouth on one side and said—: "'A simple fish like the herring king of the sea! And his mouth has been on one side ever since."

Grains of Gold.

Assert with caution.

Be deaf to detraction.

Blame no one unheard.

Be firm in a good cause.

Debate not with temptation.

Tamper not with temptation.

Envy denotes a sickly mind.

Give as thou wouldest receive.

Tempers are the clothes of the mind.

Reliance on Providence is peaceful.

Be more in substance than in show.

Self-examination is the court of virtue.

Let others' faults remind thee of thy own.

It is bad gain by which we lose our peace.

Charity makes the best it can of everything.

Folly exclaims against its own faults in others.

Few persons do always as they would be done by.

Never resent a seeming slight, but smile and bear it.

If thou wouldest disarm sin, resist its first motions.

To make light of a small fault, is to commit a greater.

Success at the cost of honor and character is too expensive.

Those vices which resemble virtue, are most dangerous.

To flinch at small trials, is not learning to endure greater.

The voice of wisdom is seldom listened to, by a self-confident mind.

Much of that which is called world happiness, is but misery in disguise.

We are apt to value ourselves more on exposing the faults of others, than on correcting our own.

Femininities.

Modesty has its sins, and a kiss is innocence.

What a quiet, economical world we should live in if it were not for the movements of the under jaw.

Alternate strips of plain white enamel, diamonds and sapphires on a horseshoe lace pin produce an attractive effect.

One woman, it is said, has made the silk gowns of Justices of the United States Supreme Court for the past 40 years.

The virtuous woman flees from danger; she trusts more to her prudence in shunning it than in her strength to overcome it.

The honor of woman is badly guarded when it is guarded by keys and spies. No woman is honest who does not wish to be so.

A delicate gold chain, by which are suspended diamond and ruby lilies of the valley, makes a pretty present for a young lady.

The amount of food, liquid and solid, which the average man consumes in his 70 years, is calculated at no less than 80 tons.

A Michigan girl goes about smashing window-glass. There seems to be no record of any girl who has smashed a looking-glass.

Pleasing receptacles for silver or gold thimbles are roses decorated in natural colors. The thimble rests in the centre of the flower.

Two small hearts of moss agate, almost hidden in a branch of variegated gold leaves, is a lace pin that will shortly be placed on the market.

The best way to clear out and straighten the fringe of towels, doilies, etc., before ironing, is to comb it, while damp, with an inch length of coarsest toilet comb.

Classic waists were never small. To day among some of the more intellectual women, there is a tendency to return to the "big classic waist" and abjure the corset altogether.

There is said to be a European lady in Japan who has collected seven hundred tea-pots of different patterns and kinds, and yet scores of typical shapes are not included in her assortment.

The Rev. Mr. Wilgus: "How do you like your new neighbors, Tommy?" Tommy Figg: "Oh, they are just common folks. The little boy's mother next door only paid $7 for her teeth, and my ma paid $25."

Woman is very appropriately called the "tender sex." Man is the locomotive—strong and noisy, but it is the tender meekly following in the rear that carries the coal and water. This is the outpouring of a railway engineer.

Pleasant rainy day work for the older children is to be found in the making of a scrap book of the portraits of noted men and women; the portraits to be obtained from publishers' catalogues, magazines, newspapers and other available sources.

Essence of peppermint, applied with the finger-tips over the seat of pain, gives relief in headache, toothache, or neuralgic pain in any part of the body. Care must be taken not to put it directly under the eye, on account of the smarting it would cause.

Husband: "And what leads you to think that Mr. Springday and our daughter are finally engaged to be married?" Wife: "Well, he doesn't come so often as he used to, and when he calls, they nearly always have a quarrel and say mean things to each other."

At a ball given in St. Petersburg recently one of the ladies personated influenza. She called herself Miss Grippe, and was dressed in an Oriental costume, whose high head dress bore upon it the names of the physicians who have written on the sickness.

The latest arrangement in Paris for a bride's wedding at home is a floral umbrella, a large affair where she and the bridegroom stand as under a canopy. It is composed entirely of white silk, and covered with white roses, lilies-of-the-valley, and has a fringe all round of ferns. The effect is very novel and beautiful.

In Paris it has been decreed that ladies are to wear "mouches," or patches, as in the old days of Louis XIII, Louis XIV, and the two following monarchs. The patches will be coquettishly placed on the chest, the chin, or the shoulder, and will be sprinkled, when safely in position, with the dimmest suspicion of pearl powder.

A young lady in the town of Minsk Russia, purchased a pair of gloves a la Sarah Bernhardt. Immediately after putting them on her hands began to itch. The next day her arms were covered with sores, and a week later she died of blood poisoning. The doctors suppose that the skin belonged to an animal that had some contagious malady.

It is of some consequence that your daughter should know how to enter and leave a room gracefully; but it is of prodigiously more consequence that she should be in the habit of avoiding whatever is disgusting or offensive to others, and of always preferring their pleasure to her own. A person who acts from this principle will always be said to have "sweet pretty ways with her."

Ladies have taken a fancy to appear in handcuffs; they are made of gold, but in all other respects are exactly similar to those used by detectives in the pursuit of their useful calling. The origin of this fashion is unknown. The quickness with which a detective fastens on his bracelets may be learnt by ladies in a few lessons; then they may be able to "captivate" an unsuspecting male whom they may have a design upon, if he should be in a lonely place or unprotected.

"Woman," says a well known author, "is the enemy of freedom." True, most true. She is apt to marry as soon as she comes of age. She is the dependent of parents and nurse in her cradle, in bondage to her teachers all her schooldays, a slave of fashion from the day she graduates until her wedding day, after that she is ruled by her husband, or tyrannized over by her servants. Then she is a servant unto her children until they are all married, after which she is "boxed" by her sons and daughters-in-law, and at last she lives and dies in loving, gentle bondage to the grandchildren who prattle about her.

Masculinities.

It is mentioned as a peculiarity of the grass widow that she is seldom green.

When a woman wants the earth it is with the view of giving it to some man.

A rich widow is the only kind of second-hand goods that will always sell at prime cost.

Good looks should not be despised. There have been few heroes with turn-up noses and bandy legs.

Ten men have failed from defect in morals, where one has failed from a defect in intellect.

It is the coward who fawns on those above him. It is the coward who is insolent whenever he dares.

Most of their faults women owe to men, whilst men are indebted to them for most of their better qualities.

The Italians have this proverb: In buying a house or taking a wife, shut your eyes and commend yourself to God.

The truth about some men is never known until after they are dead, and you can't find it then upon their monuments.

He: "I don't see why there should be no marriage or giving in marriage in heaven!" She: "Probably because there won't be any men there."

Confiding son: "Mother, what's the best way to propose to a girl?" Mother: "When the right girl comes along, my son, you won't need any advice."

Quite elaborate and handsome is a silver shaving mug with a plain bright band encircling the top, and with the bottom chased to represent a wicker basket.

It is easy to bring up a child in the right way. All you have to do is to watch the way in which most people bring up their children and then do something else.

Kate Field asserts that the public men of Washington invariably sit on their shoulderblades. This seems to be the favorite attitude also of the backbone of the winter.

A unique and effective silver pen dish represents the curved feather of an ostrich. At one corner of the receptacle an odd appearing owl with averted head is perched.

In C. P. Huntington's new house on Fifth avenue, New York, the kitchen is to be on the fourth floor. This is one way of preventing flirtations between the cooks and the police.

Mr. Honeymoon: "Did you sew that button on my coat, darling?" Mrs. Honeymoon: "No, sweetheart. I couldn't find the button—I sewed up the buttonholes, and it's all right."

In the ball room. "Don't you think, Mr. Smoothly, that all very young children look as much alike as two eggs?" "Oh, Miss Sweetly, you make me wildly happy. To think that there was a time when I looked like you!"

May: "Charlie, you must be careful and not expose yourself. You were out in all that rain last night." Charlie. "No, I wasn't. What made you think so?" May: "Why, papa came home and said he saw you coming from the lodge and that you were thoroughly soaked."

Jones: "I suppose you take lots of comfort with your new baby, Brown?" Brown: "Well, I should say so. Let me tell you how cunning he is," Jones: "I'd very much like to hear, but to tell the truth, I'm due on the next block in four hours from now. Some other time, Brown."

A new employment for ladies who desire to make a present to male friends is to embroider the waistcoats of their evening suits. These are made of white and black satin, and have a vine of embroidery round the collar, down the front, along the side of the buttonholes, and, turning the corner, across the front.

First lawyer: "Oh, yes, that's a very good scheme, no doubt, if you can work it; but how in the world are you going to prove that Jenkins ever was insane?" Second lawyer: "That's all right, my boy. Trust me for that. I've got possession of a bundle of letters Jenkins wrote to Miss Hardcash before she became his wife."

Paul White, a prosperous Colorado ranchman, a few weeks ago advertised for a wife, giving an accurate description of himself, his surroundings, etc. His mail has been so heavy ever since that it has been necessary to put it in barrels at the post office, and Mr. White was compelled to bring his farm wagon to town to haul it home. He has not yet made a selection.

Jeweler, examining it: "What on earth have you been doing to this watch?" Owner of watch: "Nothing, sir. Nothing at all. I wound it up a while ago, good and tight, and it stopped. I shook it for half an hour and couldn't start it, and then I opened it and poked the balance wheel with a toothpick, and still it wouldn't go. I want to know what's the matter with the blamed thing."

Mrs. Prim: "Good morning, Tommy. Did your mother send you in?" Tommy, aged eight; "No'm. "I thought I would like to make a call." Mrs. Prim: "That is very nice, I am sure. But you mustn't be bashful on your first call. One's you raise your eyes from the carpet?" Tommy: "Oh, I'm not bashful, but mother says your carpet is so ugly it makes her ill to look at it, and I thought I would come in and try it myself."

The Emperor Francis Joseph one day took Landerer, his eccentric Court chaplain, over his model farm at Laxenburg. On entering the stables, which were floored with marble and fitted up in luxurious style, the Emperor said to his companion: "You are much given to fault-finding, I know, but I fancy you will find nothing missing here." "Nothing, your majesty, except a sofa for each horse," was the reply.

One man in a car gave up his seat to a lady. She accepted it without so much as "Thank you." Later, a young man got into the car whom she knew, and just before leaving she called him to her and said, "You take my seat, for I am going to get off here." The man who had originally occupied it stood directly in front of her, and his face was a study. He didn't say anything, but it was manifest that he was doing a good deal of thinking.

Recent Book Issues.

FROM PUBLISHERS.

The English Illustrated Magazine for January is made notable by a sequel to Ibsen's "The Doll's House," by Walter Besant, who carries the Norwegian story to what he discusses its logical conclusion. The story, which is well worth the reading, will doubtless evoke much comment and, possibly, considerable opposition. The other articles in this number include: "Competition and Co-operation Among Women," discussed by Mrs. Jessie and William James Walker; "New Year's Day in a Persian Villa," by J. Theodore Bent; "Dutch Girlhood," by Mrs. Lecky; the continuation of "The Ring of Amasis," by the Hon. Earl Lytton; and other interesting contributions. —Published by and received from Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

Wide Awake for January opens with a beautiful poem by Mrs. Cavazza, a Milanese legend. "The Ballata of the Blackbird." Mrs. Kate Upson Clark follows with the true Revolutionary War tale of "Peggy's Ballet." Mrs. General Fremont tells a capital story too, in "The 'Deck-Hand.'" A remarkably successful fanciful story is by Dana Lyman, "Polly's Visit to the Book-Kitchen." Grace Dean McLeod gives a romantic historical story of early Canada, "An Incident of the Siege of Louisburg." The second chapter of Alexander Black's "Confessions of an Amateur Photographer" is enjoyable reading and has some very taking pictures. Mrs. Clara Doty Bates follows it with some amusing verse, "Photographing the Baby," and the photographer is given. In "Sampo Lappelil" readers have a beautiful story written by Zacharias Topelius. The serial stories are "Old Grainger," and "The Sons of the Vikings." Lieutenant Hamilton tells the boys how to fight a snow battle. Mrs. White's "Business Opening for Girls" is worth special attention. D. Lothrop Company, Boston, publishers.

The Quiver for February is a very good number. While designed more especially for Sunday reading, there is no day of the week on which this magazine is not welcome, for its tone is as cheerful as its contents are well chosen. "With the Crew of the 'Shaftesbury'" is the title of the opening article, which describes the life on board the training ship which now lies in the Thames. An installment of the serial, "Worthy to be Loved," is followed by a paper on "The Musical Material of the Early Psalters," with interesting fac-similes of some of the old pages. "The Light of Christian Example" is discussed by the Rev. A. A. Campbell. "Stumpy: A Christmas story," in three chapters follows, and then comes a paper by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan on "The Image Which Fell down From Jupiter." "A Divided Duty" is a short story with a full-page illustration. "The Lady Help From a new Point of View," is a common-sense point of view. Poetry, essays, serials and short stories, together with interesting "Short Arrows," bring this number to a close.—Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

THE LAST WORD.—"I should like to know," said Mr. Rambo, testily, when the conversation had begun to wax warm, "why it is that a woman always wants to have the last word."

"She doesn't," replied Mrs. Rambo; "it's a slander."

"My dear, it is certainly the truth. You know you always——"

"Absolom, you know better. I don't."

"I am sure——"

"No, you're not. It isn't so."

"Why, my dear, can't you see——"

"No, I can't! And I think—boo—hoo—you are—are just as—as mean as you can be."

"Well, dear, I'll take it back. You don't always want the last word."

"Of course I don't. I don't see what you wanted to say so for."

"Well, I won't say it any more."

"Because you know it isn't true——"

"I——"

"As well as I do."

"I——"

"And you know it."

"You may be right, my dear," said Mr. Rambo, putting on his hat and going out. "I know I'm right," rejoined Mrs. Rambo, calling after him.

"MR. SMITH," said the electric-light manager to his foreman, "we want some men to testify to the absolute harmlessness of the electric-light current as used by us. You might send Roberts."

Foreman: "He was killed while fixing a wire last night, sir."

"Well, Jenkins will do then."

"He accidentally grounded a wrong wire last week, and is scarcely expected to live."

"Such awkwardness! Send Williams."

"Sorry, sir, but he was paralyzed while fixing an electric lamp on Thursday."

"Really! It's most annoying. Employ some new men at once, and send them to testify to the consultise before they have time to get themselves killed."

CEMENT.—Leather, paper or wood may be firmly fastened to metal or a cement made by adding a teaspoonful of glycerine to a gill of glue. It can also be used for fastening labels on tins.

A boom to the people is Salvation Oil. You can afford to pay 25 cents for a good liniment.

In 38 states and 13 territories of the U. S. the people use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

TIMBER'S ENEMIES.

LIKE all else in this world of change and decay, timber must eventually yield to the inevitable 'dust to dust;' but that is no reason why we should not endeavor to postpone the evil day by every means in our power, by invoking the aid of science and the experience of former generations. The following remarks are confined exclusively to timbers that are hidden from sight, such as floor-joists and ends buried in masonry or in the earth, all of which lie within the province of the carpenter, not trespassing on that of the joiner, whose handiwork in the shape of doors and windows is fully exposed to view.

Since the quality, strength, and durability of timber are all greatly influenced by the season in which the tree is felled, we may state that winter, when but little sap is flowing, and the various fungi are dormant or dead, is probably the fittest season in this country; that trees which have nearly done growing afford the best timber, as there is but little sapwood in them, and their heartwood is in the best condition; and that as soon as possible after felling, the bark should be stripped, the trunk roughly cut up into the forms that it will eventually be required to serve, and the pieces stacked to season, under cover, if possible in such a manner as to admit the greatest quantity of light and air. Timbers that have been thoroughly well seasoned and properly placed in position have been known to last without any apparent deterioration for several hundred years.

Its greatest enemy in this country is undoubtedly dry-rot, though how the epithet 'dry' ever came to be applied to this fungus, the very essence of whose existence is moisture, has always been a puzzle. It must have arisen either from the fact of its effect in the shape of wood reduced to powder being more often witnessed than the living organism which caused it, or from the necessity of distinguishing it from wet-rot. It is one of the few members of the fungus tribe that, like the mistletoe, bears leaves, which in its case resemble those of the vine. It must not be confounded with the fungus called the agaric of the oak, with which the Druids of old played many tricks, for this is the child of the oak itself, and the direct cause of the hollow old oaks we have all seen, as well as being answerable for the decay of oak beams and planks that have been laid improperly seasoned. When once the dry-rot fungus has obtained a footing, it will in a very short time destroy all the woodwork in a house, insinuate itself into the interstices of the walls, crumbling them to pieces, play havoc with books by reducing the leaves to tinder, and in fine cause so much mischief as to render a house uninhabitable and necessitate its demolition.

There is no reason, however, why it should ever obtain a footing. We have only to bear in mind that it is a creeping plant, which cannot rise unsupported as high as two inches, and that it has no adhesive powers except in contact with wood, so, if there be no contact of wood with earth, it is harmless. Fortunately, it cannot pass over brick or mortar, else it would rise from our damp cellars and infect half the houses in the land; so the first precaution is to raise all woodwork in the basement on a bed of brick or stone; and if to this condition be added a free circulation of air around the timbers, by inserting gratings in the walls or by other means so as to prevent an accumulation of the confined and damp air so material to its growth, the chances of its appearance are nil. For the same reason, when laying wall plates or fixing the ends of rafters a clear space of about an inch should always be left above them and on each side. We have seen an immense roof literally resting on air, the ends of its supporting timbers, owing to the neglect of this simple precaution, having entirely rotted away; the only thing that kept it from falling bodily was the cohesion of its component parts.

The practice of covering our floors with oilcloths instead of carpets soon rots them, by stopping the circulation of air; and the custom of keeping tightly closed all the windows of a newly built house, whose walls are full of moisture, in place of leaving them wide open, places the woodwork in an atmosphere more charged with vapor than its own internal contents, and keeps it thereby in an imbibing, in place of an exhaling state, thus sowing the seeds of early decay.

If the best seasoned stuff be shut up under such conditions, the quantity of moisture it will imbibe will defeat all the care that has been expended on it.

We now pass on to the consideration of those timbers which, like telegraph and hop poles, posts and palings, must as a rule have their ends buried in the ground.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt to enumerate even a fraction of the preventive measures that have at various times been recommended, many of them patented; and even were we to do so, the reader would find himself after their perusal in a hopeless state of bewilderment as to the particular merits of one over the other, especially as in some instances they are most contradictory.

Unless we are sure that the wood be thoroughly well seasoned, it is far better to leave the part above ground naked, than to tar or otherwise paint it, for by so doing we close its pores and prevent all exhalation, which occasions fermentation, and brings on a premature state of decomposition.

Ends that are to be buried should be first charred and then tarred, and this is the only treatment that will really and effectually prevent their decay by the rot.

The charring dries up all the fungus-juices of the wood, and reduces the surface to somewhat the state of charcoal, the incorruptibility of which is attested by undoubted historical facts.

The additional application of coal-tar to the charred end while it is still hot forms, by means of the resin that is left behind after the acid and oils have evaporated an air-tight and water-proof envelope.

But there are other enemies, in the shape of insects, to fortify against, whose powers of destruction cannot be ignored; and here again we are confused by the thousand-and-one suggested remedies, of which the following has been proved really efficient. It is well known that kerosene is repellent to worms and insects; saturating the ends to be buried with this oil has proved a safeguard; the supply is kept up by boring a small hole in the post a few feet above ground, slanting down and reaching below the centre, which requires refilling about once in three years. Nearly every kind of oil is equally efficient.

COMING OUT.

The season for dances is now on, and every young girl who has finished school and is able to entertain her friends is expecting to enjoy herself to the utmost when she glides over smooth floors in the arms of a nice young fellow to the entrancing strains of Strauss and Waldteufel.

A young girl who is about to enter society is termed a "bud" because she is an undeveloped blossom, even more attractive to many than the fully-fledged society girl who has had the experience of worldly things gained by going through a couple of seasons.

The first duty of a bud is to have a tea, to which all her mother's and father's friends as well as her own should be invited, and then she is really started on her social career.

Teas are rather tame affairs, not only because the ice cream, wafers and coffee are insufficient to satisfy the hunger of the sterner sex, who prefer when they go out to have something substantial if no dancing is in order, but because the attractive girls who are not receiving are apt to decline being present if there is another engagement of a more important character scheduled for the same evening.

The tea, however, is a highly necessary event, and it is a cheap way of paying off any number of social obligations.

At her first tea the bud always looks charming in her attractive white garb, and her cousins or school friends who assist her in making the affair pass off pleasantly are particularly anxious to call attention to her good looks as they beam over huge corsage bouquets and endeavor to prove even more attractive themselves.

After the tea, when the young girl has been flattered by the attention she has received and has been called upon by young men, and the older ones, who had more experience in addressing delicate compliments to the fair sex, she is ready for balls, germans and dancing classes, and if she has any personal charms and knows how to sway her form in time to waltz, polka, yorke, Berlin, Danish dance or militaire schottische music, she is sure to have a good time.

Even if she knows but few people, others are sure to solicit an introduction from her chaperone or other attendant, and her dances will soon be all engaged.

The first season of a young girl is for her a delightful existence. Alas that it is so quickly gone!

HOW TO MAKE A WEATHER HOUSE.—For the framework of a weather-house an old cigar-box will be well suited. A piece of catgut such as that used for the third string of a violin will be required, and this should be nearly as long as the cigar-box is high.

Through the centre of the end of the box a hole must be bored with a bradawl, and into this one end of the catgut should be tightly wedged with a wooden peg. This, when the box is placed in its proper position, will form the top of the weather-house, and the catgut will hang down.

Through the lower end of the gut, about three-quarters of an inch from the bottom of the box, thrust a piece of wire, say three inches long and as thick as a large needle; this should in ordinary hang parrallel to the front of the box, but the ends should be bent so as to project forwards.

On the ends the figures to indicate wet or dry should be placed, and small Dutch dolls of an inch in length may be used, and dressed in character—the male one at that end of the wire which will be thrust forward when the gut untwists through damp weather, and the female at that which will come forward when, owing to dryness, the gut again contracts.

A loop of wire may be fixed from the back, just above cross wire, for the gut to play through and to keep it steady, and nothing more will be needed except the ornamental front.

For this no design is better than the ordinary one, which is an old or rustic building, with two doorways for the figures.

Take a piece of cardboard and cut out the doorways and windows, and the latter may be glazed by fixing a piece of glass at the back; narrow strips of white paper gummed across these will form mullions; and the appearance of octagonal panes is given by gumming a piece of cap-net over the glass.

The rough-cast appearance upon the front is usually obtained by spreading a coat of glue over the cardboard, and then sprinkling on coarse sand, broken shells, &c.; but this may be better and more artistically done by gumming over the front a sheet of the coarsest glass-paper, and painting upon this with oil colors, to imitate stone-work.

The front must be large enough to conceal the box, and must be fixed upon it with glue.

Glass paper of various degrees of fineness, used as above, will also be found applicable to making models of small buildings or ruins in cardboard, for chimney or other ornaments; and where the finer kinds of glass or sand paper are used, water-colors are better than oils for tinting them.

IMPORTANT TO YOUNG LADIES.—All girls who would be happy wives, and beloved and respected mothers, be real, be earnest in everything; let your principles be true, tolerate no sham, and the superstructure you shall build thereon shall be animate with your spirit, when you have laid down this life and taken up renewed existence in another world. In marriage, who would not rather take to his heart a reasoning, thinking spirit, tolerating no self-influence but that of uprightness, having reliant faith, loving sympathy, and active usefulness, as the only weapons for the daily warfare of crosses, perplexities, and endurances, rather than a flippant, idle, ignorant girl, who, sooner than help her mother to lighten her burden of care and anxiety, is just the make-weight to pull her to the earth, and to keep her there, for the mother silently thinks, "Who will marry her?"

SCANDAL is what one half the world takes pleasure in inventing, and the other half in believing.

La Grippe.—At present epidemic on this continent, as well as on the continent of Europe, the precursor of Pneumonia and other fatal diseases, is principally a Catarrhal inflammation of the Mucous Membrane of the upper air passages.

It commences suddenly, and is generally attended with an extreme degree of debility, with high fever from the commencement; marked pain in the head, shoulder and limbs, and oppression of the chest, severe cough and little expectoration, with a loss of appetite and some times diarrhœa; in the course of a few days, follow at times free expectorations and copious perspirations.

The disease must be at once driven out of the system in the first stages if possible, and not allowed to develop into others of a more serious nature, which may become fatal. To do this the most simple agent may be found in Radway's Ready Relief (and where there is not diarrhœa), Radway's Pills.

Take two to four of Radway's Pills before retiring at night, swallow thirty to sixty drops of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water; rub well, applied by hand, Radway's Ready Relief to the head, throat, chest, shoulders, back or limbs, wherever the pain is felt; get into a good sweat, cover up well, and avoid catching a fresh cold. If not entirely cured, repeat the following night.

This treatment has been used before in similar epidemics, has cured thousands, and warded off pneumonia and other fatal diseases which are so ready to step in.

There is no better treatment than this for driving out a cold. Physicians are not always within call, and it is jeopardizing human life to be without such potent remedies as Radway's.

They should be in every family, and ready for use when required. An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure.

Humorous.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

Above my room a maiden dwells,
Who plays and sings from morn to night;
In wondrous shrieks and bangs she tells
The raptures born of "Love's Delight."

At times in tones so shrill she'll ring
The changes on "A Soldier's Tent!"
Anon with plaintive screech she'll sing
The woes of Abt's "Embarrassment."

Yea! re'en, while conning ancient lore
And musing on life's problems deep,
A hymn she uttered o'er and o'er—
'Twas "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."

But did she sleep? I heaved a sigh,
What could I do? What protest make?
I could but tear my hair and cry,
"Thou'rt still awake, thou'rt still awake!"

—U. N. Nonn.

Sweetmeats—Reunions of lovers.

The corset is a paradox. It comes to stay and yet goes to waist.

Johnny, looking out of the window: "Oh, mamma, how many consternations there are out tonight!"

Colonel McCue, with dignity: "I assure you, sir, my word is as good as my bond." Grimsby: "Exactly, my dear colonel. That is why I can't take it."

A Brooklyn undertaker is trying to introduce wicker-work coffins. He claims as an inducement that they are much cooler than the kind now in use.

Jackson: "Mrs. Henpeck tells me she gained six pounds while she was in the mountains." Henpeck: "That's nothing; I gained 12 while she was away."

A Texas liar writes that onions are so strong down in that country that if placed in the cellar for any length of time they will lift the mortgage off the house.

"I wish that I was a minister," said Bobby, one Sunday afternoon. "Why, dear?" "Because he is the only one who can speak out loud in church without going to the bad place for it."

Cholly—"Dicky is becoming a regulaw wouse, don't you know?" Pete—"No; impossible," Cholly—"Why, he smoked thwee cigawettes last night while we were playing a game of old maid."

Pater: "On your prospects will depend my acceptance of you as a son-in-law." Would-be-son-in-law: "H'm! Well, my prospects depend entirely on your acceptance of me as a son-in-law."

At a missionary school: "What is the shape of the earth?" "The earth is square, Pap says so, and he says the Book says so, too. He says if there wasn't four corners how could the four angels stand on 'em."

Counsel: "Miss, what is your age?" Witness: "I am past 20." "You must be more explicit." "Well, I am between 20 and 30." "No more trifling. State your exact age." "I'll be 30 the day after to-morrow."

Brown to Robinson: "Let us cross the street. I see Smith coming, and I don't want to meet him. I owe him a little money." Robinson: "You're all right here. He'll cross the street as soon as he sees us. He owes me money."

"I only wish to say," feebly spoke a mangled passenger as he dragged himself out from under the wreck made by a terrific railway collision, "that, in my opinion, nobody is to blame for this accident." And he then peacefully breathed his last. He was a coroner.

We like to hear people tell good stories while they are about it. Here is one from a Western paper: "In the late gale, birds were seen hopping about with all their feathers blown off." We have heard of gales at sea where it required four men to hold the captain's whiskers on!

Tit for tat. Two Irishmen were in prison, the one for stealing a cow, the other for stealing a watch. "Hello, Mike, what o'clock is it?" said the cow-stealer to the other. "And sure, Pat, I haven't any timepiece handy, but I think it is most milking time."

Fond mother: "How do you like your new governess, Johnny?" Johnny: "Oh, I like her ever so much." "I'm so glad my little boy has a nice teacher at last." "Oh, she's awful nice. She says she don't care whether I learn anything or not, so long as papa pays her salary."

Algy Gosling, aged 20: "Dear Miss Blossom, you cannot have failed to observe that I have long adored you in secret. To be sure I am some years younger than yourself, but I am confident that my father—" Miss Blossom: "Algy, I can only be a mother to you. Your papa proposed to me yesterday."

"Why do you sleep in your pew when I am in the pulpit, while you're all attention to every stranger whom I invite to preach for me?" said a country clergyman to one of his deacons. "Because, sir," was the reply, "when you preach, I am sure all is right; but I cannot trust a stranger without keeping a good look out."

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. DIXON & SON, 337 & 339 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

A RASH CONCLUSION.—"Then I am to understand that this is your final answer, Miss Stubbins?"

"My final answer."

"Nothing can move you?"

"Nothing."

"Then my life will be a lonely one, and my fate a harsh one, for my uncle with whom I lived has just died and left me ——"

"That fact somewhat alters the case, Henry. I cannot be harsh to one who has sustained such recent bereavement. If I could believe that you are sincere——"

"Sincere! Oh, Miss Stubbins!"

"You have certainly made an impression on my heart. Give me time to think of it."

"How long?"

"After all, why think of it? Henry I am yours!"

"Oh, Genevieve!"

"Do not squeeze me so hard, Henry. Your poor uncle! Was he long ill?"

"Three days."

"It is too bad! You say he left you?"

"Yes, he left me."

"How much?"

"How much? I said he had left me. He had nothing else to leave. I am alone in the world now, homeless, penniless, but with you by my side, why—she's fainted!"

PIGEON ENGLISH.—The term "pigeon" English is one that originated in a Chinaman's poor attempt to pronounce the word *business*. Dr. Brewer thus gives the various changes which the word has undergone—business, bidginess, bidgin, pidgin, and finally pigeon. Pigeon English, therefore, means simply business English.

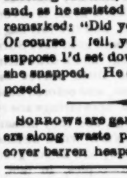
It is a strange admixture of English, Chinese, and Portuguese, and is used in all parts of the far East as a means of communication between the natives and the foreigners. During nearly half a century, and especially since the opening of many of the Chinese ports to Europeans, business relations have developed to such vast proportions and reached into so many channels that some universally understood means of communication has become necessary, and pidgin or pigeon English is the result.

Its acquirement in the coast ports, at all events, is a matter of importance both with traders and with natives who seek situations in foreign employ, and it has become a popular medium of communication. Already this rude form of our language bids fair, not only to reach all the people of the far East, but it is extending as a new form of speech in America and in Australia, and wherever else the patient, industrious Chinaman betakes himself for the purpose of gain.

AS A MIDDLE AGED lady was descending a flight of stairs in a hotel, she slipped and fell. A nice old gentleman, who was just entering the hall, rushed to her assistance, and, as he assisted her to her feet, politely remarked: "Did you fall, madam?" "Fall? Of course I fell, you old fool! You don't suppose I'd set down here to rest, do you?" she snapped. He didn't say what he supposed.

SORROWS are gardeners—they plant flowers along waste places and lead vines to cover barren heaps.

Watch these columns 2 or 3 weeks for a Voice from California.



PORTRAIT OF ELMORE. From a Photograph.

A VOICE from Maine. "I take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profit is often as much as $240 for a single day's work. Willard J. Elmore, Bangor, Maine.

On account of a forced manufacturer's sale I 25,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums are to be sold to the people for $3.2 each Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush. Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest and greatest bargain ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take hundreds and thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms free, together with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Bookstand Portfolios. Better write us at once and see for yourself. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done. Address, E. C. ALLEN & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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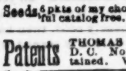

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$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted, or best salary paid. Outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

GRIND YOUR OWN Bone, Meat, Oyster Shells, Grit and Corn in the $5 HAND MILL. (J. Wilson's Patent.) 100 per cent. more made in keeping Poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., Easton, Pa.

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This Offer Was Never Equalled!

8,100 Dozen pairs Ladies' fine Fell and Winter Hosiery given absolutely free to introduce the Household Companion. They are both stylish, well made, fashionable, solid colors, striped, checks, all the popular styles—cardinal, navy blue, seal brown, black, slate tan, in fact styles and colors to suit all tastes. Don't pay $5 to $6 etc. for pair of Dail and Winter hose when you can get a dozen for nothing. The old reliable Household Companion, of New York, is a complete family paper richly illustrated, containing serial and short stories, romance, sketches, wit, humor, fashion, household hints, stories for children, &c., &c., ranks among the first Metropolitan Journals. Positively the entire lot (8,100 doz.) to be given away during the next 60 days. We also send the Household Companion 6 months Free to 2,100 persons who will answer this advertisement and send us the address of 10 newspaper readers from different families. To the individual raiser, or the list of 10 subscribers we send 1 dozen pairs of these beautiful and useful articles. Are determined to lead the race in premiums, hence this liberal inducement. It is a rich, all round paper with no paper equal. If you want a dozen fashionable, fine hosiery and 13 sets of different samples, to help pay postage, packing, &c., and names of 20 newspaper readers, and you will receive the 6 months and the premium lists as described. Address, Household Companion, 847 Broadway, N. Y.

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1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, DESIRE.
No. 1. The round of the head.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

TOUPEE AND SCALPS, DESIRE.
No. 1. From forehead back as far as required.
No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
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They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Ladies' Hair Ornaments, Long and Half Wigs, Frontlets, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the United States. Orders from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Miss Dollard's Regenerating Cream, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Norwich, Norfolk, England.

Nov. 23, '85.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was easily restored, and has been kept by it in the wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To Mrs. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 8th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES H. CHANDLER,
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GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
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TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called," or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between a C or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who cannot spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 5's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Fancies.

A particularly suitable gown for morning wear, is of rough dark blue and black cloth, of an enormous check, made as a loosely draped polonaise, opened on one side over a skirt of fine black cloth edged with astrakan. The bodice of the polonaise is wrapped across sideways at the throat, and turned back with a collar and lapped of astrakan. The under coat sleeves are of the black cloth, with a row of coat buttons and simulated button holes set right up to the half-way epaulette sleeves of the check.

A dainty little gown is of pale blue-grey, the draped tunic having a redingote back, with violin cloth revers, and back breadth of black velvet. The plain underskirt is edged with wide black vandyked Venice point, and a row of the same lace is set round the armholes of the bodice, which opens in front over a waistcoat of black velvet. A cachet is given to the gown by the huge gigot sleeves of black velvet, cut into deep cuffs of the Venice lace lined with the blue-grey.

A charming demi-toilette gown of a very useful and elegant order is of dull steel-blue satin, draped with black silk lace. On the left side is set a breadth or panel of lovely brocade, flowered in pale copper and moss-tints on a black ground, which is shaped a little above the waist into the form of half of a Swiss belt. This brocade forms the demi-train, with a width of plain black velvet set between its folds, and the lace sleeves are girt by draperies of the brocade.

Another gown is of that soft shade between cinnamon and copper, which is such a favorite with many women. It has a perfectly plain underskirt, of the richest satin, trimmed by a narrow tablier in front, formed of two rows of jetted black fringe, a foot in depth. The full bodice, the polonaise back, set into a yoke of plain satin, and the sleeves are composed of a brocade, wherein gilt ten against the cinnamon ground large branches of gleaming white honesty. The bodice fastens behind, with small buttons, and the back fulness of the polonaise is supplied by a breadth of plain satin.

We can only describe one more frock—an exquisite dinner gown, with underskirt of palest mauve satin, draped at hem and sides, with pleatings and festoons of black Chantilly, and with a large choux bow cunningly set on one side of the skirt, at the foot and combining in itself the colors of the brocade overdress—black, pale mauve, and mossy green.

The gown itself has a hint of the style of several periods, the pale mauve plastron stomacher and small black lace rabat recalling the Valois modes; while the way in which bodice and train sweep away from the petticoat in one long, graceful, unbroken line, their fronts being lined with mauve satin, and edged by a rich bob fringe of black mauve and green, is more reminiscent of the eighteenth century, as is also the pattern of the brocade—small and formal lines and sprigs of a tiny mauve flower, with green leaves, on a black ground. A noticeable point in this dinner gown is the long coat-sleeves, to which it owes some part of its very quiet, and at the same time, high-bred air.

Among the mantles, one's eye singles out a long demi-fitting redingote of petunia cloth, with black soutache heavily adorning the collar, half hanging sleeves, and the hem of the skirt, besides forming a simulated jacket of Zouave shape, but pointed under the arms, while black fur makes a soft setting to face and hands, and comes down at the front in a narrow point very becoming to the figure.

A dear little opera jacket in pale grey corded silk, with long box pleated ends under the open front, forming a kind of waistcoat and hanging pagoda sleeves, is trimmed profusely with the most delicate gold and silver passementerie, exquisite in combination with the pale grey. More sombre, but quite as refined, is a similar jacket of the darkest Ophelia shade, the color of a black sarsenet, in velvet, adorned with pale gold.

A long cloak was of woollen brocade in soft shades of drab, dull green, and copper, made as a half-fitting redingote, with very long hanging sleeves, which were each trimmed, in most original fashion, with a long scarf of wide copper-colored mesh silk, fringed and bowed at either end, and with a bow to match at the throat. We turned from it, half regretful, to examine the modestly-priced and modish little accordion-pleated capes, cut into square yokes, braided in black, and made in any color to suit the purchaser.

There are many beautiful materials with which to drape gowns; among them may be mentioned black silk Surahs net, with a pattern appliqué thereon in black velvet; and a black crepe de Chine, embroidered in an elaborate Persian pattern of dull soft half tints, heliotrope, sage-green, pale old rose, and subdued blue. The pearled tablieres for wedding gowns are as delicate and costly as ever.

Louis XVI. waistcoats are worn with dresses, and with the gowns and some charming examples being in mind the beaux of that gay period, who rejoiced in the very best of everything, and never condescended to anything second rate. Art as applied to ornamentation of every kind was in season, some of the cream satin waistcoats of this style were worked down the fronts, collar, cuffs, and flap pockets with inhabitual flowers, in faded coloring, wonderfully minute and perfect in workmanship, and these have been duplicated in velvet of many of the most fashionable colors.

Lace and tulle for gowns are exquisitely embroidered. Some of the lace fronts show Empire designs, with sheaves of corn in gold and garlands of flowers in solid colors beautifully worked. Young ladies are wearing gauze with interwoven satin stripes, and embroidery of self colors. A great many lace and crepe gowns are worked in open guipure of one uniform tint; they are nearly always edged with points, which are cut out before they are used, and the colors—peach, green, &c.—are most delicate.

These crepe de Chine skirts are to be had four and a half yards wide, and are intended to form either the entire skirt, or to be halved for the fronts. Some of the applique patterns in gold are of great beauty. Indeed, they are throughout far more magnificent than they have ever been; the embroidery mostly covers the entire fabric, and only very occasionally forms a border, and then the work is heavier and bolder than heretofore.

Black tulle has been successfully treated with multi-colored embroidery all over metallic threads. Black tulle is the foundation, not only of gold embroidery, but of gold and silver and gold and steel, which blend well. Copper and gold is the newest combination, and decidedly pleasing. White has been treated also with the same class and kinds of embroidery. The white nets are covered with designs in silver-lined beads. In fact, beads now are only fashionable for evening wear, and beaded materials go into smaller space than the embroidered goods.

The Pompadour metallic bouquet designs are now applied to the embroidery of dress skirts, and no wonder, owing the extreme beauty of the patterns and color, and how well they are suited to dress decoration.

The guipure nearly all have both sides alike. The black guipures are in bold Etruscan designs, the leaflets united often by lace stitches in heavy silk. Cord borders other guipures. Quite novel is a gold cloth, shot with color, and bordered with gold, forming a trimming of extreme magnificence; it has the appearance of cloth of gold and color laid on gold, and belongs to that period when Venetian dames hardly knew how to be sufficiently splendid in their attire.

Some of the oxidized steel and gold, and copper and gold galons, are of great beauty, and are intended to border the hems of skirts, and to adorn the bodices. Crochet tinsel threads have been made up into galons, intermixed with cord and gold ornaments, combining pink, blue, old rose, and heliotrope, in the same designs.

Odds and Ends.

OF TASTEFUL TRIFLES.

It is as difficult to define distinction in modes as it is in manners, in person, even in literature; it is the last and crowning grace more and more seldom met with in this rush and scramble of modern life; it is the very opposite to the vulgarities.

The prettiest and newest fancy is the substitution for ribbons in most of their little headdresses of velvet of various soft and brilliant shades. The combinations of color in which the work excels are rendered quite exquisite by the soft tones of the velvet; as in one charming little cap in which petals or leaves, so to speak, of pink, pale green, amber, and terra-cotta velvet are twisted together with ecru lace, sprinkled with tiny metal beads, echoing the tones of the velvet.

A coronal bow is quite a study in color, being formed of pale blue, melon, and soft heliotrope, with a little twist of gold cord; and a point decollé cap in ecru lace, outlined with gold, is very pretty with its veiled coronal of scattered rose petals, its gleaming flesh-ends, and its cluster of green velvet wild rose foliage at the crown.

Another bow-cap is extremely dressy and novel, being either of crimson or black velvet, with gold embroidered lace sprigs mouches cut away from the net ground and appliqué on to the velvet.

One of the prettiest confections is a combination of small crepe de Chine rosettes, mingled with velvet in the most delicate shades of vielle rose, primrose, and reseda, with dragon flies of mother of pearl perched thereon, reflecting in their iridescence the opaline tints of the velvet and gauze; and another headgear of the same order, brilliant but elegant, is a twist of black lace and scarlet velvet, with a scarlet and gold butterfly poised on one side. Many of the prettiest bows and caps are trimmed with feather buttons, as tiny pompons of curled ostrich plumage are here named.

A quaint and original cap, more strictly deserving the name than those we have described, is of ecru silk Spanish lace, on which are scattered pin-head metal beads in eminiz colors, and old-rose and green velvet; while another of frills of ecru lace is decked with the narrow velvets, baby width, in all manner of gay yet delicate hues. Most becoming and most charming are the revived Cordsay caps, in which both maid and matron looked so womanly and refined a little more than a decade ago; but we have never seen any quite so deftly and coquettishly shaped as these, with their gracefully graduated frills and prettily formed crowns of soft lace; trimmed only with a row of graduated bows set closely together on end in front, and sometimes composed entirely of cream ribbon, sometimes of different tints combined, old-rose, old-gold, and mousse-green forming a charming color chord.

Embroidered linen chairbacks are very popular. The embroidery is done with silks or flax threads. A lovely result is secured by employing a large number of different colored silks: every little stitch is set apart from the rest, but the whole creates a rich harmony suggestive of Indian work. One piece—a chairback—is a study of color, the worker having produced from the simplest of materials a glowing jewelled effect. The pattern is known as "Old English," but its treatment is certainly Oriental. Equally pretty are the snow stars worked with colored threads in such a manner that a "shot" effect is secured. These designs are used on many of the pillow cases or shams, on sideboard slips and tea cloths.

A simple but stylish cushion is the white linen bolster, with design of acorns and oak leaves worked in blue. The ends of the bolster are dark blue satin, which is gathered up and tied round with cords; upstanding frills are left on both ends. Another cushion has a rough Gothic design worked in Damascus silk on linen.

Of fancy-bags and work baskets there is always a large show at the school. A three-sided work bag is particularly noticeable. The bottom part, which is firm, is covered with dark blue plush, and the full bag attached to it is of blue and gold shot Surah; this has a wide heading, and a drawstring. Most dainty are the little velvet bags worked with gold, steel, and colored beads. They are round, and drawstrings are run in beneath the headings, and they measure about a quarter of a yard when finished. Just such little bags they are as our grandmothers delighted in—copies, in fact, of old ones.

Braised Ham.—Soak the ham from six to twelve hours, according to its age (if quite a new ham an hour or two is sufficient); put it into as small a stewpan as possible, with only just sufficient cold water (about three quarts or two quarts of water and a quart of white wine), a lump of sugar, an onion, sweet herbs, parsley, a little bay or clover, and a sprig of tarragon; let the water just boil, then draw to the side of the stove, and let it cook without boiling for from three to five hours, according to size; when the meat on the knuckle is soft it is done. When done, drain and remove the rind. Serve with good veal gravy and a dish of sorrel or spinach "au jus." If to be served cold only it should be left in the stewpan until nearly cold, then have the rind taken off. Cold it is served with jelly.

First Miss—"I'm so glad you like the story of 'The Phantom Mist; or the Shadow of a Sound.' How far have you got with it?" Second Miss.—"I've read the last three chapters and a little in the middle of the book." First Miss.—"Well, you will be charmed when you read the opening of the story."

A Long Branch (N. J.) man, after eating half a rabbit on a wager, ate forty raw clams, a dozen oysters and a pumpkin pie. He suffered no ill effects.

Confidential Correspondents.

Lady Mary.—No gentleman would ever accost a lady in the street without having been introduced to her. Tell him to go about his business the next time he comes near you, and if he will not let you alone call the police to your aid.

Gerty.—Possibly there may be reasons for the seeming neglect; but speak out your thoughts, and have the mystery, if such you feel it to be, cleared up. It can do no harm to be candid and tell the cause of your misgivings or perplexities.

Marguerite.—Twelve hours of perpetual work daily is of course very likely to try the nerves, the brains, and the digestion severely; all need rest, and such a strain must sooner or later make itself felt in some way. Acidity will tend to induce the habit of grinding the teeth.

Victoria.—The adage that "threatened men live long," as applied to invalids, probably derives its value from the fact that those who are delicate take care of themselves; but we think there may be too much "carefulness" in the manner of living adopted by what are called "nervous" persons.

Nora C.—There is no rule about hair-dressing; the best way is for every lady to adopt a style that suits her face, and keep to it. Of course, it could be modified now and then so as not to look too much unlike other people; but all individuality is lost if fashion is so severely followed as you seem to think necessary.

Amy R.—Do not allow any man to reach the point of proposing to you if you do not mean to accept him; and do not accept any man as an intended husband whom you do not love. You ought to be ashamed of loving any man who does not love you and desires to win your love. If you need advice on such points, consult your mother.

F. C.—To rid your pantry of ants try the following plan; it is often successful: Moisten a sponge, and coat it with powdered sugar; lay it near the runs, and as the ants congregate in the cells of the sponge, free it by rinsing in hot water; then repeat the process as often as necessary. If this fails, sprinkle cayenne pepper near the haunts, or some good insect powder.

Wilkesden.—You are acting very foolishly in allowing a young man of whom you know so little to dictate to you in such a manner. He can have no good intentions towards you if he insists on your keeping your acquaintance with him a secret. Tell him nothing of your private affairs: if you are wise you will break off the connection with him at once, unless he will visit you openly and see your friends as well as yourself.

J. B. S.—Brick tea is a spurious kind of tea, called by the Chinese "tie tea"—not a bad name even in the vernacular—which consists of the sweepings of the tea warehouses, granulated with rice hasks, and colored with turmeric and indigo. This mixture is made up into blocks or bricks, and finds a ready sale in Russia, to which country it is chiefly exported; hence it is sometimes termed "Russian brick tea." It is principally made in the Thibet country.

Montragle.—We do not know anything of the "Cure for love" lines you speak of, but the following may serve your purpose:

Of Independence all you can—
Of Patience take a grain
Just Half an Eye for someone else
And steep all in Disdain.
Then bottle it in Wisdom sound
And cork it down with Pique,
And need right it is almost sure
To cure within a week.

Student.—To paint on muslin in water colors: paint the design all over with Chinese white, mixed with a few drops of maglip. Work the mixture upon the palette until it is free from lumps, not too liquid, and quite smooth. If too liquid it will run over the outlines; and if too dry every mark of the brush will show. It should be laid on with a brush of sable hair. Leave it to become perfectly dry, and then paint in the design with ordinary water colors, mixing them with Chinese white when necessary, but keeping to their natural tones as far as possible.

Cinderella.—Try rubbing your light wall paper with stale bread. Cut a large piece that you can hold firmly in your hand, and then, after you have dusted the paper thoroughly, begin cleaning at the top, close to the ceiling. Clean downwards for about half a yard all round the room, and then begin at the same place and clean lower till you have finished. Cut away the soiled part of the bread when it gets dirty, and you will find that by this expenditure of two or three loaves you have made your paper look wonderfully fresh. Two days old bread is the best for the purpose.

Queen M.—Shorthand is much learned by ladies now, but we should advise you to avoid those classes whose promoters announce they will teach it with uncommon rapidity. Shorthand of any sort can only be acquired by long and arduous practice, and must be thoroughly understood to be of any use at all. After you have mastered the art of writing, you must make quite certain that you can decipher as easily what you have put down. If you have really made up your mind to make it a study, do not be disheartened at being told that it is tedious; once really learned, it is not easily forgotten, and will, in all probability, help you to earn a good living.

Desfairing N.—There is a theory that all the actions and circumstances of mankind are preordained and cannot be affected by prayer. We do not share the belief in destiny, except that, if the mind is left to drift, it will work out its energy on the lines determined by its inherited tendencies, subject to the modifying influences of the conditions in which it happens to be placed. Prayer is at once natural and useful. The yearn and felt need of protection and guidance which must possess every intelligent person gives rise to a perpetual longing and crying for help to some Power above man. If there is no such Power, there would not be this aspiration. We are not prepared to say that non-success in pleading for a particular and self-selected boon is proof that there is no efficacy in prayer. There may be great and grave reasons, if we could only see them, why special petitions are not answered. Certainly go on praying, and wait and hope; but do not ground your faith on the fact of an express answer being given. Moreover, remember the old adage, "The gods help those who help themselves." Strive for what you pay for. Waiting in this sense implies working.